

Sports Illustrated


APRIL 6, 1963

25 CENTS

BASEBALL ISSUE



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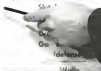
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SCORECARD

JUDGMENT DAY COMING

Commissioner Pete Rozelle's investigation of the betting scandals in the National Football League will be finished within two weeks. Criticized for the length of time he has spent on this case, Rozelle replies that he had to be sure of what he did before he made any announcements.

The strong likelihood is that penalties will consist only of fines, with no suspensions. Betting uncovered, involving two or three players on the Detroit Lions as well as players on one or two other clubs, was minor. No player's fine will be very big; indeed, the biggest fine will be against the Detroit club itself, for not taking action when warned of the situation by Detroit Police Commissioner George Edwards, who turned up evidence that Detroit players were associating with mobsters. The theory seems to be that as the club goes, so go the players.

WHITE WATER

Spring has come once more to Nashville and brought with it a problem that arose at this time two years back when Negroes began to press their legal right to use the city's swimming pools. The city had desegregated its other recreation facilities but allowed no togetherness in the pools. When six small colored boys showed up at a previously all-white pool one morning, city employees proceeded according to plan. They emptied the pool. They emptied pools all over town, in fact. "An economy measure," park commissioners explained blandly.

It turned out to be good for business. Privately owned pools (segregated) had a boom. ("It costs me \$3 just to get my kids wet," a parent complained.) Private swimming clubs (famously initiation fee \$250, plus dues of \$100 a year) sprang up. Housing development contractors hastily included provision for community swimming pools in their plans.

A few of the kids whose parents could not afford swimming-pool fees sneaked off to the unguarded lakes and sloughs. A couple of them drowned. Now Mayor Beverly Briley has come up with a plan.

"If asked to," he said, he will recommend that the city pools be reopened on a "sexually segregated" basis—for girls only on one day, for boys the next, but with the races mixed.

The color segregationists are not appeased by this. Some have thought up a plan of their own. It would provide for Negro use of the pools one day, white use the next, with the water changed every night.

HEMY CONTROL

The city council of Kansas City, whose municipal government is teetering on the brink of bankruptcy, has discovered that once you start dispensing favors you have established precedent.

In order to attract the American Football League's Dallas Texans to Kansas City in 1963, the council offered them the use of the Municipal Stadium for two years at \$1 a year. But Charles O. Finley, owner of the Athletics, has been paying \$120,000 and \$140,000 for the same stadium for baseball purposes. Citing the fact that he had spent \$400,000 of his own money improving the stadium, Finley now asks that he get it for \$1 a year, too. Then came the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics, which has its headquarters in Kansas City and holds a week-long basketball tournament in the Municipal Auditorium every March. The NAIA has announced that it would dearly like to get the arena for a week for a buck, though it has been paying more than \$1,000 a week. To bolster its argument, the NAIA is making noises about moving headquarters and tournament to Tulsa if it doesn't get it all for \$1.

And now Big Eight officials are discussing the possibility of asking the city for a token rental at the auditorium, scene of the Big Eight's annual Christmas basketball tournament and the conference indoor track meet.

THE MYSTIC WORLD OF THE USLTA

The magazine *World Tennis*, which has been ruminating dolefully on the plight of amateur tennis in the U.S., and in the

world, for that matter, was struck in its April issue by a sudden thought. What, *World Tennis* asked itself, would it be like if big business were run like the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association?

"Ford Motor Company—or Shell Oil or Pepsi-Cola," the magazine decided, "would have a new president every two years. He would be a part-time president since his main function would be dentistry or advertising or the stock market. He would be selected primarily on the basis of being a Californian or a New Englander or a Middle Westerner. His chief assistants would be representatives from every section of the country who could give only four days a year to Ford."

And so on. The magazine found many teasing analogies between the USLTA and a mystically mismanaged big business enterprise. The one we liked best went like this:

"Workers in the Ford plant would give the officers their biggest headache. After all, the officers were not getting paid so why shouldn't all Ford employees also work free? However, if the rambunctious workers simply insisted on receiving some sort of compensation, they would be



given the sum of \$28 a day. Any worker going over to General Motors for \$35 a day would be declared a 'pro.'"

BIG DAY FOR SHELLEY GAYE

The night before Abilene Christian's dual track meet with the University of Colorado, Abilene Sprinter Dennis Richardson dutifully went to bed at 10 o'clock so that he would be in shape for the next day's competition. At midnight

SELECTED STATISTICS FROM 1962

A meaningful report that reveals the true value of a baseball player to his team and the reasons a club finished where it did

EFFECTIVE TEAM PITCHING

NATIONAL LEAGUE

| | at bats | Runs | ERA |
|---------------------|---------|-------|-----|
| Los Angeles (260) | 5,475 | 1,286 | 249 |
| San Francisco (238) | 5,519 | 1,299 | 251 |
| St. Louis (271) | 5,534 | 1,384 | 259 |
| Cincinnati (270) | 5,409 | 1,357 | 254 |
| Newson (246) | 5,573 | 1,446 | 259 |
| Pittsburgh (254) | 5,475 | 1,432 | 267 |
| Philadelphia (257) | 5,500 | 1,443 | 262 |
| Philadelphia (260) | 5,472 | 1,480 | 260 |
| Chicago (253) | 5,542 | 1,501 | 277 |
| New York (242) | 5,519 | 1,537 | 281 |

AMERICAN LEAGUE

| | at bats | Runs | ERA |
|-------------------|---------|-------|-----|
| New York (267) | 5,554 | 1,375 | 247 |
| Baltimore (248) | 5,523 | 1,372 | 249 |
| Chicago (257) | 5,500 | 1,380 | 259 |
| Los Angeles (256) | 5,580 | 1,417 | 253 |
| Minnesota (280) | 5,574 | 1,400 | 253 |
| Washington (250) | 5,472 | 1,400 | 254 |
| Cleveland (245) | 5,467 | 1,410 | 254 |
| Boston (258) | 5,485 | 1,424 | 254 |
| Detroit (248) | 5,613 | 1,457 | 259 |
| Kansas City (263) | 5,507 | 1,450 | 263 |

EFFECTIVE TEAM SCORING

NATIONAL LEAGUE

| | Runs on base | Runs scored | Per scoring |
|---------------|--------------|-------------|-------------|
| San Francisco | 2,117 | 518 | 415 |
| Los Angeles | 2,134 | 442 | 388 |
| Cincinnati | 2,062 | 402 | 389 |
| St. Louis | 2,044 | 414 | 371 |
| Pittsburgh | 1,917 | 358 | 366 |
| Philadelphia | 1,991 | 378 | 367 |
| Philadelphia | 1,994 | 355 | 354 |
| Chicago | 1,941 | 432 | 326 |
| New York | 1,964 | 417 | 314 |
| Boston | 1,901 | 372 | 311 |

AMERICAN LEAGUE

| | Runs on base | Runs scored | Per scoring |
|-------------|--------------|-------------|-------------|
| New York | 2,125 | 517 | 384 |
| Minnesota | 2,125 | 398 | 356 |
| Detroit | 2,034 | 358 | 337 |
| Kansas City | 2,065 | 345 | 341 |
| Cleveland | 1,937 | 432 | 330 |
| Los Angeles | 2,004 | 374 | 355 |
| Seattle | 1,981 | 357 | 357 |
| Kansas City | 1,911 | 432 | 341 |
| Chicago | 1,976 | 350 | 341 |
| Washington | 1,951 | 385 | 324 |

CONTINUED

BE FIT--LOOK FIT IN DAY'S SLACKS WITH FORTREL

For slacks that make you look and feel fit, it's slacks by Day's Sportswear. They're handsomely tailored in Stevens Scoreboard fabric, a blend of Fortrel polyester, wool and mohair. Fortrel holds wrinkles off, holds trim lines in. Love the Western way with Day's slacks. Olympic champ Bob Mathias says: "Wear the slacks that do the most for you: slacks with Fortrel." In popular medium to dark tones. Sizes: 28-42. About \$13. At fine stores throughout the West. Celanese Corporation of America

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Monitowoc, Wisconsin

STATISTICS *Continued*

EFFECTIVE PITCHERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

| | at bats | Opponents' hits | BA |
|------------------------|---------|-----------------|-----|
| Kooten LA (14-7) | 680 | 138 | 197 |
| Golden STL (15-10) | 653 | 174 | 204 |
| Boston Phil (9-9) | 643 | 144 | 224 |
| Dayton LA (25-9) | 1,185 | 278 | 236 |
| Fairfield Wash (19-20) | 903 | 216 | 233 |
| Sanford SF (24-7) | 905 | 210 | 234 |
| Marshall SF (16-13) | 994 | 233 | 234 |
| Francis Phil (9-8) | 950 | 223 | 235 |
| Boogie SL (12-16) | 815 | 203 | 237 |
| O'Toole Co (16-13) | 901 | 210 | 238 |
| Prairie SF (16-6) | 614 | 147 | 239 |
| Parkway Can (25-5) | 1,002 | 268 | 260 |

AMERICAN LEAGUE

| | at bats | Opponents' hits | BA |
|------------------------|---------|-----------------|-----|
| Agassiz Del (26-8) | 752 | 162 | 205 |
| Cheney Wash (7-19) | 830 | 174 | 213 |
| Refinery LA (19-13) | 691 | 149 | 246 |
| Troy NY (27-12) | 1,114 | 257 | 231 |
| Wilson Bos (12-8) | 706 | 163 | 231 |
| Starford NY (14-9) | 804 | 188 | 233 |
| Stonewall Wash (11-12) | 723 | 169 | 234 |
| Prairie Co (17-14) | 772 | 182 | 236 |
| Phelan KC (8-14) | 736 | 175 | 236 |
| Edwards Ball (9-17) | 830 | 199 | 240 |
| Pascual Minn (29-11) | 978 | 236 | 241 |
| Karl Minn (19-14) | 1,002 | 243 | 243 |

BEST AT GETTING ON BASE

NATIONAL LEAGUE

| | Times at plate | Times on base | On Base pct |
|----------------------|----------------|---------------|-------------|
| Robinson Del (24-2) | 701 | 239 | 421 |
| Massey SL (23-3) | 905 | 210 | 418 |
| Adams Co (10-9) | 603 | 237 | 213 |
| Skinner Phil (20-2) | 917 | 214 | 212 |
| H. Aaron Wash (17-1) | 647 | 260 | 296 |
| White SL (7-24) | 682 | 263 | 386 |
| Ways SF (20-4) | 706 | 271 | 384 |
| Mathews Ind (24-5) | 643 | 245 | 381 |
| T. Green LA (24-6) | 711 | 266 | 373 |
| Fancy LA (7-28) | 555 | 209 | 371 |
| Williams Co (24-2) | 689 | 258 | 389 |
| Boots SL (7-25) | 691 | 254 | 368 |

AMERICAN LEAGUE

| | Times at plate | Times on base | On Base pct |
|----------------------|----------------|---------------|-------------|
| Phelan NY (21-1) | 507 | 244 | 486 |
| Sellers KC (16-7) | 719 | 296 | 417 |
| Pennock Bos (20-5) | 630 | 265 | 408 |
| Cunningham Co (21-5) | 632 | 263 | 403 |
| Edwards Co (10-2) | 684 | 281 | 382 |
| Cook Del (24-1) | 629 | 240 | 382 |
| Coleman Del (23-3) | 707 | 282 | 371 |
| Parkway Minn (24-2) | 721 | 287 | 376 |
| Allyson Minn (24-6) | 613 | 276 | 368 |
| Kelleher Minn (24-2) | 686 | 264 | 366 |
| Green Minn (27-1) | 724 | 264 | 365 |
| A. Smith Co (20-2) | 575 | 209 | 363 |



Fish for your dinner—with a tire iron!

THOUSANDS OF YEARS ago the Indians discovered the abalone is a delicious morsel to eat, as evidenced by archeologists' finds of piles of shells near primitive village sites. Today these unique California sea mollusks may still be fished from beach rocks on out to the ocean depths. A tire iron is the usual fishing equipment, and the trick is to pry the gastropod from his rocky perch before he becomes aware of you and has a chance to contract his muscular foot and hang on.

The inside of an abalone shell gleams

with the iridescence of the rainbow and may be polished as an ornament or made into jewelry. Abalone are so good to eat that a California law, designed to prevent their extinction, prohibits shipping them outside the state. Just one of the joys of visiting San Diego-Land is that you can enjoy all the abalone you want.

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cold, but just right! And the sun shines 335 days a year! San Diego is the gateway to Mexico; more people enter and leave the United States here than through any other port of entry.

A free folder is available to help you plan your trip to San Diego-Land. Write: San Diego Convention & Tourist Bureau, Department 81-463, 924 Second Avenue, San Diego 1, California.

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EXTRA BASE POWER

NATIONAL LEAGUE

| | Total Hits | Extra Base Hits | Pct. |
|---------------------|---------------|--------------------|------|
| Mays SF (204) | 339 | 90 | 41% |
| Robinson, Gus (202) | 298 | 92 | 44% |
| Bowder LA (206) | 346 | 62 | 47% |
| Mathews, Ed (202) | 342 | 60 | 47% |
| H. Aaron, Max (202) | 306 | 79 | 41% |
| Thomas, NY (204) | 322 | 60 | 39% |
| Banks, Ch. (208) | 364 | 63 | 39% |
| Shannon, Phil (202) | 354 | 56 | 39% |
| Sawyer, Phil (202) | 325 | 45 | 36% |
| Edwards, Gus (204) | 315 | 41 | 35% |
| Brack, Ch. (202) | 314 | 40 | 35% |
| Fossum, Ch. (202) | 381 | 61 | 35% |

AMERICAN LEAGUE

| | Total Hits | Extra-base Hits | Pct. |
|-----------------------|---------------|--------------------|------|
| Killebrew, Minn (202) | 334 | 70 | 51% |
| Cash, Det (202) | 323 | 57 | 46% |
| Mann, NY (206) | 351 | 68 | 49% |
| Clinton, Bos (204) | 317 | 52 | 44% |
| Alfonso, Minn (206) | 338 | 61 | 44% |
| Kalene, Det (204) | 321 | 51 | 42% |
| Catavolo, Det (204) | 314 | 49 | 42% |
| Burnett, Balt (202) | 329 | 53 | 41% |
| Seidke, Balt (202) | 327 | 55 | 40% |
| Romalis, Cleve (202) | 326 | 47 | 39% |
| Wagner, LA (202) | 364 | 63 | 39% |
| Martin, NY (202) | 321 | 46 | 38% |

EFFECTIVE BASE STEALING

NATIONAL LEAGUE

| | Attempts | Stolen Bases | Pct. |
|--------------|----------|-----------------|------|
| Mays SF | 23 | 18 | 78% |
| Wills LA | 137 | 104 | 89% |
| W. Davis LA | 35 | 32 | 83% |
| Chapman Pitt | 20 | 16 | 80% |
| Schwartz, LA | 15 | 12 | 80% |
| Foyles, Cal | 34 | 26 | 76% |
| Senger Phil | 26 | 16 | 76% |
| T. Davis LA | 24 | 18 | 75% |
| Morgan, Wash | 16 | 12 | 75% |
| Jones, SFL | 36 | 26 | 72% |
| Altman, Chi | 26 | 19 | 73% |
| Gilbert, LA | 24 | 17 | 70% |

AMERICAN LEAGUE

| | Attempts | Stolen Bases | Pct. |
|------------------|----------|-----------------|------|
| Holmes, KC | 21 | 19 | 90% |
| Went, Det | 27 | 24 | 89% |
| Charles, KC | 24 | 20 | 83% |
| Tartaball, KC | 24 | 19 | 79% |
| Benton, Wash | 38 | 28 | 74% |
| Lewis, Chi | 26 | 19 | 73% |
| Agnew, Chi | 43 | 31 | 72% |
| Peaton, LA | 21 | 15 | 71% |
| Benton, Det | 21 | 14 | 67% |
| Cotton, Wash | 22 | 14 | 64% |
| Perkins, Wash | 19 | 12 | 63% |
| Hershberger, Chi | 16 | 10 | 63% |

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his wife awakened him. Better get her to the hospital, she said, the labor pains had begun. At 8:20 a.m. a 6-pound 4-ounce daughter, Shelley Gaye, was born to them.

What was father's reaction? To start matters off he anchored Abilene to a 41.2 victory in the 440-yard relay. Then he breezed through the 100-yard dash in 9.3 seconds, with the following wind measured at only 3.66 mph, giving him an acceptable time only 1/10th of a second off the world record. Minutes later he ran the 220 around a full turn in 20.9, a time 6/10ths of a second off the record set by Henry Carr of Arizona State three days earlier. He topped off the day with a 49.8 on the Wildcats' winning one-mile relay team, which clocked 3:14.1. All the new father needed was a little inspiration and, maybe, less sleep.

THE IMMORTAL COOZ

The passing of Bob Cousy from professional basketball to take up his new post as coach at Boston College has created a certain problem. What can be done to perpetuate the memory of the man who helped so much to establish pro basketball as a big-league sport?

Germaine Glidden, who dreamed up the National Art Museum of Sport, braced Walter Brown, Celtic co-owner, for \$5,000 to commission a painting or sculpture of the immortal Cousy. Brown came up with it out of TV proceeds from the Bob Cousy Day celebration on March 17 at Boston Garden. Now Glidden's problem is: Should it be an oil painting or a sculpture? Cousy himself, though appearing to favor a statue, has been reluctant to decide.

There have been some suggestions. Phil Elderkin, basketball writer for *The Christian Science Monitor*, would have Cousy bronzed "just like you do with a pair of baby shoes." And there are longtime opponents who would just as soon see him encased in a barrel of cement.

LAVER'S PROGRESS

When Rod Laver turned from amateur tennis to the professional game last January he was, to the surprise of some, elbowed by the likes of Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall. Playing in Australia and New Zealand, he dropped eight out of eight to Hoad and 11 of 13 to Rosewall, who looks to be the next world's professional champion. He didn't do much better in the U.S., where he arrived in February and lost the first three matches of his American tour and

continued

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTERIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY



SCORECARD *Continued*

had only two wins after eight matches.

But now, at about the halfway point of the tour, Laver has begun to achieve professional form and has 15 victories against 13 defeats, which means that he has won 13 of his last 20 matches. He is, in fact, in third place on the tour, though well behind Rosewall, who has beaten him five times in five matches. But Earl Buchholz, in second place, was only two games ahead of Laver last week as the newest pro, the second man ever to achieve tennis' Grand Slam, sprawled on a Kansas City hotel bed and estimated his prospects.

"I think that just now I am coming up to my Forest Hills form of last September," Laver said. "What many people overlook is that just before I turned professional I had been playing very badly in Australia as an amateur."

Laver grants that, playing Hoad and Rosewall, he often was discouraged by the discovery that they hit the ball harder than amateurs, never missed an easy shot and often hit "fantastic" shots ("but to them they were not fantastic"). Now he feels he has a better chance against such opposition.

Rosewall does not agree that Laver was off form at the start of his pro career. "What those who expected him to sweep the pro ranks didn't realize," Rosewall said, not too diplomatically, "is that lots of amateurs have fake reputations. If they were thrown into open competition the truth would come out."

The truth, says Rosewall, is that Laver has a chance "to be one of the great professional players of all time."

THEY SAID IT

- Willie Mays, after his first look at Houston's hard-throwing catcher, John Bute-man: "It hurts my arm just to watch him throw."
- Chena Gilstrap, Arlington (Texas) State College football coach, on the Wally Butts-Bear Bryant affair: "We were called into one of those five-party telephone conferences the other day. The man who called the meeting said, 'Gentlemen, we want to fix the basketball schedule.' There were four quick clicks."
- Emil (Dutch) Schroeder, Baylor baseball coach, complaining of a disabling leg injury: "It's awful. I can't even go out and argue with the umpires. Maybe I should. They might think twice if they see me come out swinging a pair of crutches."

END

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JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

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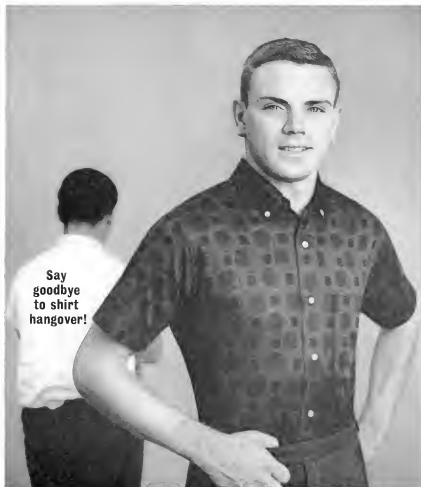
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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

TWO COLTS GO AFTER ONE DERBY

Candy Spots (left) and Never Bend are indeed supreme rivals: a decision awaits in Kentucky

by WHITNEY TOWER

For the first mile of last Saturday's big race at Gulfstream Park the 23,906 fans had good reason to believe they were watching a thrilling, even Stephen contest. Then, in the last furlong, Jockey Bill Shoemaker whacked Rex Ellsworth's undefeated Candy Spots seven times. The first four whacks had no noticeable effect, so Shoe switched his whip for some left-handed slashes, and the big chestnut accelerated like a Ferrari. He pulled away to win the Florida Derby by an easy four and a half lengths over Sky Wonder, who had a neck margin over Cool Prince.

Candy Spots' time of 1:50 3/5 was nothing to cheer about (and a far cry from Gen. Duke's track record of 1:46 4/5) but his race as a whole was highly impressive even though his opposition was not. This amazing animal has now won all six of his races and \$336,312, with

continued

Willie Shoemaker and Candy Spots won Florida's top prize; meanwhile, Never Bend happily munched hay in Carolina.



the Triple Crown classics and other rich opportunities still beckoning him. Also awaiting him for an engagement at Churchill Downs on May 4 is Captain Harry F. Guggenheim's Never Bend, who has won nine starts in 12 races and who was a noticeable absentee from the Florida Derby.

These two, Never Bend and Candy Spots, so different in many ways, rule this week as equal choices for the Kentucky Derby, and it seems hardly likely that this status will change in the five weeks remaining before they meet in Louisville. Other colts, of course, will make news between now and then. They have names like Ahoy, Bonjour, Jet Traffic, Outing Class, No Robbery, City Line, Chateaugay, In the Pocket and Top Gallant. Only a few observers of the winter racing scene (and I am not one of them) seriously believe that these or any other 3-year-olds in America will be

ready on May 4 to beat either Never Bend or Candy Spots—and certainly not both of them.

In the days before the Florida Derby, Candy Spots' trainer, Mesh Tenney, who is Ellsworth's closest friend and racing partner, was acting as though he was trying to steal a page from Calumet Jimmy Jones's alibi booklet. Mesh mused and groused around Gulfstream's Barn T the way the Jones boys often do before they wrap up another easy \$100,000 stakes. "This track is heavy and deep," said Mesh, "and horses aren't apt to run well over it first time out." Another complaint, and one which he had used with monotonous regularity before sending Candy Spots out to win the Santa Anita Derby, was that his horse "had been trained ragged and offbeat the whole winter," either because of California weather conditions or lack of racing opportunities.

On the day of the race Mesh admitted that he had worked his horse only three times in the last month instead of the five he preferred, and that this accounted for the way Candy Spots showed up in the Gulfstream paddock, both tucked up and in a sweat. Although the colt stands 16 hands 3 inches and weighs 1,125 pounds, he also looked underweight. There was the usual talk among the racing fraternity about Candy Spots' celebrated ankles. One writer had called them "boxing glove" ankles, meaning big and blown up. "It's remarkable to me," said Tenney, who did all the talking for his stable during Florida Derby week while Owner Ellsworth was riding the range in Arizona. "I don't see any 'boxing glove' ankles. You read a lot about that, but I don't do the writing and I don't try to influence the people who do. This horse's ankles are not too large. They are right for a coarse-boned,

Candy Spots' increasingly powerful finishing drive is vividly shown in these photographs, taken seconds apart. Near the start of the



big-boned horse, and look to me like the kind of ankles that can stand a lot of wear and tear." (It is worth noting that a few years ago there was another horse who did all right on ankles that were not modeled on Miss America's. His name was Native Dancer.)

But no matter what people said about Candy Spots in Florida last week—too thin, too nervous, too this or too that—nobody could deny his running ability. Tenney and Shoemaker have teamed up so often in the last few profitable years that there is hardly any need for Mesh to give Shoe any rigid riding instructions. Just before he was hoisted aboard Candy Spots, Shoemaker squinted up at Tenney and said calmly, "I guess we'll try back, eh?" Tenney squinted down at Shoe and said, equally calmly, "Yes, I guess that's the thing to do."

That's what they did, at first anyway. "My horse turned his head just as the

gate opened," Shoe said later, "so, actually, it was a bad start for him. But then we got a break going into the first turn. I cut in to the rail and saved ground, getting by four or five horses outside of me. Then I wasn't worried."

For a while it appeared that he should have been worried. Gray Pet opened up a long lead up the backstretch, with Sky Gem second. But Shoemaker utilized some of Candy's marvelous acceleration powers around the turn, and suddenly, after breaking dead last and then speeding through on the inside of the clubhouse turn, he found himself third though still five lengths off Gray Pet. The pace was not killing: 23 1/5 for the first quarter and only :47 for the half mile. Shoemaker then encouraged Candy Spots to do something about it.

"I went to the lead at the three-eighths pole," Bill said, "but I didn't want to take too much of a hold on him because

he was nearly pulling me out of the saddle. The trouble with this horse is that he can be lazy and likes to loaf on the lead. When I saw Sky Wonder coming to me I had to go to the whip, and then, of course, Candy picked right up and ran on. In fact he really took off in the last sixteenth."

When asked, as he always is these days, to compare Candy Spots as a young 3-year-old to another Ellsworth-Tenney colt named Swaps at the same stage of his career, Bill Shoemaker sticks to the facts only. "Swaps wasn't undefeated before going to Kentucky, was he? This colt is, so maybe you could say he's better. Certainly I've got no complaints with him yet." Mesh Tenney doesn't put it quite the same way. "I wouldn't want to compare the two right now," he says. "But I'll tell you this much. Before we won the Kentucky Derby with Swaps I felt we had a decent

continued

homestretch, he has a slender lead over Gray Pet, so the rail, as Sky Wonder (No. 2) moves up. Just before the wire, he is three lengths ahead.



chance to dead-heat with both Nashua and Summer Tan. Now I say we have the same chance to be dead-beaten with Never Bend."

The next few weeks will be important for both colts. Tenney plans to take his prized possession directly to Churchill Downs some time before the 15th of April, depending on weather conditions in Louisville. "I wouldn't want to show up there in the midst of any cold spell after the Florida heat," he explains. "And at last I think we can work out a regular training program instead of a haphazard one. I'd like to work this horse at least once a week between now and the Derby, and maybe more." With a smile he adds, "We'll have to depend on my poor judgment for that. But with regular workdays to count on I don't think Candy Spots will be as nervous anymore. He won't break out, as he did today, and next time he runs you'll see a much better horse."

That is a frightening prospect for the opposition. The next time probably will be in the Stepping Stone purse, a seven-eighths-of-a-mile prep on Churchill Downs opening day, April 26. "It's eight days before the Derby," says Tenney, "which leaves you sort of left-handed. It should only be a week before the Derby. The Derby Trial, only four days before, is too close to suit me. I'll make up my mind about the Stepping Stone as we go along. It could be that we might go in the Derby with no more races. And my decision won't be affected by whether or not Never Bend goes in the Stepping Stone. I don't want those people to think I'm big stuff, because I don't think I'm big stuff. I'll do with Candy Spots what I think best regardless of what they do. I'm not looking for trouble. I'm looking to run this horse and win some money the easiest way I can."

While Candy Spots was demonstrating his supremacy in the Florida Derby in much the same authoritative way that Never Bend had asserted his in the Flamingo a month earlier, the latter was living a different sort of life. Except for 30 days in Florida, Never Bend, like a lot of quail shooters, polo players and fox hunters, has been wintering in the Carolinas. His training program, devised by Captain Guggenheim and executed by Trainer Woody Stephens at the fairgrounds track in Columbia, S.C., is patterned on the European

approach to preparation for a classic season.

Guggenheim admits that he may have overrated Never Bend as a 2-year-old (10 starts vs. Candy Spots' three), and he isn't about to make the same mistake this season. "With winter racing and the opportunities it offers," he says, "too many people have forgotten the significance of the classics. I am trying to breed classic horses—as Mr. Ellsworth is—not just speedballs. In preparing for the Kentucky Derby a horse must be raced, of course, but our plan this winter has been to coordinate some of the basic English and French methods of long, slow gallops with moderate racing. We took exactly a month of Hialeah racing to get in two races and not a whole series of slashing stakes."

When I visited Columbia recently, a few days before Never Bend vanned to Keeneland on his way to Churchill Downs, I saw the formula put into practice. After a few days of nothing but easy two-mile gallops over a moderately deep track, Stephens planned a typical work for Never Bend. With 122-pound Exercise Boy Joe Perrino up (his heavy saddle and tack made the total weight about 130 pounds), last year's 2-year-old champion went through his paces for his owner. First he walked nearly three-quarters of a mile. Then he galloped a mile and an eighth. Then Perrino pulled him up, walked him a sixteenth of a mile and broke him off sharply into racing speed. He went the half in :47 2/5, the five eighths in :59 2/5, and three-quarters (around a fairly sharp turn) in 1:13. "It would be the equivalent," says Max Hirsch, who has trained at Columbia for years, "of working six furlongs in 1:11 2/5 at Belmont Park."

Never Bend looks even better and stronger than he did during his Florida campaign. He's relaxed, except for a habit of wriggling when his girth is being tightened. But, as Guggenheim puts it, "His muscles are there, all right. He's strengthened up since the Flamingo and has some real hard flesh now." Says Trainer Stephens, "Never Bend is not a hard-pulling horse, but when he gets rolling he drops his head and knows how to lay into that bit."

When Never Bend won the Flamingo on March 2 some horsemen were critical of his drifting out during his stretch run. Was he hurting? Was he just tired? "He was rubber-legged at the end and

will never go a mile and a quarter," said one trainer. "It was caused by a bunch of photographers in the infield," says Guggenheim. "He was not hurting, and he was not overly tired." Although Never Bend won the Flamingo by five lengths, neither his owner nor his trainer would have been too upset if he had lost. "I told Woody I thought it would be fine to win the Flamingo," says Guggenheim, "but that we didn't have to win it. I just wanted him to race as part of his training program, for our one goal at the moment is to have this horse at the very peak of his condition on the afternoon of May 4."

Stephens concurs. "I thought Never Bend was perfect to win at a mile on Flamingo Day. From there on he had to be the best to win as comfortably as he did at a mile and an eighth."

Now at Keeneland, Never Bend will get one race there, at seven-eighths of a mile on April 19. The following day he'll van over to Churchill Downs, and, says Guggenheim, "He'll be either the Stepping Stone on opening day, or in the Derby Trial. We can swing either way by then, depending on how he works."

So, with a little over a month to go, the Kentucky Derby shapes up as a two-horse race: the one, legged up carefully in the deep Carolina sand and being trained by a team of perfectionists; the other, still unseasoned but vibrant with promise and slowly reaching top form. If both follow their planned schedules, Candy Spots will enter the Kentucky Derby with only seven races behind him in his young career, and Never Bend with 14. If you keep statistics on this sort of thing it is interesting to note that in the last decade only one horse has won the Derby after fewer than 10 starts. His name was Swaps, and he had run only nine times (only three that year) for Ellsworth and Tenney before upsetting Nashua in 1955.

As of now, I must rate Candy Spots and Never Bend all even. (The latest odds offered by the Caliente Future Book list both colts at 2 to 1. The next chance is 10 to 1.) Their last week of training is likely to decide it all, and just before the race starts both teams may be content to settle for a dead heat. **END**

The team that won with Swaps—Moses Tenney and Shoemaker—takes an unbeaten exit to Louisville with an even chance to do it again.



THE SCANDALOUS NOTES

Georgia's Wally Butts offers point-by-point comments on notes allegedly made during his now-celebrated telephone call to Alabama's Bear Bryant by DAN JENKINS

The typeset phrases shown in the photograph on the opposite page form the somewhat shaky foundation of the Southeastern Conference football scandal (SI, March 25). They are exact transcriptions of the notes Insurance Man George P. Burnett says he made last September when he was cut into a long-distance call between Wally Butts, ex-coach and athletic director of the University of Georgia, and Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant of the University of Alabama. On the basis of the notes, Butts has been charged with giving Bryant inside information that facilitated Alabama's 35-0 defeat of Georgia on September 22.

The notes, as shown here, were printed in large type for the convenience of a nighttime TV audience, and were displayed and discussed by Announcer Ed Thelenus of Atlanta Station WAGA on two local newscasts on March 20 that apparently went unseen by most of the principals involved. Although station officials will only say that they received the notes from "a source as close as you can get to George P. Burnett," their authenticity is attested to by B. G. Ragsdale, chief of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation, a state agency, who used them in administering a second lie detector test to Burnett (he had been given a test earlier by a private operator). Ragsdale says Burnett passed both the tests. Curiously, the notes reflect only one-half of the alleged Butts-Bryant conversation—Bryant is neither quoted nor paraphrased.

Until last week, Butts says he had not been told the complete contents of the Burnett notes, nor had he seen the TV

program on which they were shown. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED read the notes to Butts and invited him to comment. On Sunday, Butts, acting on the advice of his attorney, William H. Schroder, denied that he had ever told Bryant any of the things ascribed to him by Burnett, but nonetheless agreed to attempt to interpret the notes. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED also submitted them to a number of football authorities, including coaches, for independent evaluation.

Below are Burnett's notes, followed in each case by Butts's comment and the consensus judgment of the other experts:

- Reismueller [Rissmiller]/greatest in history

BUTTS: "He's always been a good [tackle] prospect."

EXPERTS: Meaningless opinion.

- Rakestraw to RT

BUTTS: "I don't understand that."

EXPERTS: Same.

- Optional Left Pass/If can block man on corner/keeps running

BUTTS: "That's a basic pass-or-run pattern."

EXPERTS: Probably description of the sprint-out pass, a basic weapon used by most all college teams, and hardly a secret.

- Well disciplined ball/Club/added two coaches

BUTTS: "That's a fact."

EXPERTS: Opinion, and harmless.

- On side guard pulls/on sweep

BUTTS: "Only if the particular defense permitted it."

EXPERTS: Most sweeps are designed for the inside guard (who moves with flow of play) to pull and block against

normal defenses, and it is no secret.

- Don't over shift

BUTTS: "Don't understand that."

EXPERTS: Same.

- Woodward commits fast/safety man

BUTTS: "It's a fact that Woodward is an aggressive player, and I have admired him for it. His aggressiveness helped us in Kentucky."

EXPERTS: Might be of some help, although Woodward's traits as a player should be clearly known to all of Georgia's opponents from scouting reports.

- Weak/defense/anybody except/Blackburn

BUTTS: "That wasn't true of the Georgia team."

EXPERTS: Opinion again, and coaches do not prepare for games on opinion

- Baer [Babb] slot rt/split rt end/Long count/Left half in motion

BUTTS: "This is a description of a basic formation. It doesn't make much sense. If the right end is split, then the slot back would figure to be right. And if a man is in motion, then it would be a long count."

EXPERTS: A fairly basic formation in modern offense. The knowledge of it conceivably could be of some use to an opponent, but the odds are heavy that any good coach would have drilled his defense against it. Perhaps indiscreet.

- Best since Trippi/Porterfield

BUTTS: "Porterfield is an excellent broken-field runner, but Charley Trippi could do everything."

continued on page 109

Announcer Ed Thelenus. "The Voice of Georgia's Bulldogs," points to typeset copy of notes jotted by George Burnett



OFFICIATING MESS IN THE NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE

There is a loneliness beyond that of the fabled long-distance runner about a big-league hockey referee—as this picture of former National Hockey League Referee Eddie Powers may attest. No matter how big the crowd, nor how furious the play, he is at all times alone on the ice. It is his inescapable lot to be hated, resented, reviled and excoriated by almost everyone concerned for doing his unpleasant but necessary job night after night. He should not, however, be subjected to physical attack, either by players or spectators. Nor should his fitness to serve be the public gossip of coaches and managers. The fact that such physical and spiritual assaults have become commonplace is the growing disgrace of big-league hockey.

The season just concluded was a rough one for officials, as even League President Clarence Campbell cautiously admitted. "We have had," he said, "a considerable number of injuries among the officials—especially the young ones." In Detroit the tempestuous Red Wing, Howie Young, threw a glove at Referee Frank Udvari. In the same city two weeks later, Montreal's Boom-Boom Geoffrion threw both of his gloves plus his hockey stick at Referee Vern Buffey. In Boston only a few weeks ago Buffey was

Continued

**BY DAVE ANDERSON
AND ROGER S. HEWLETT**



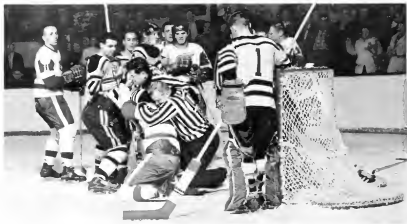
set upon by an irate Bruin, Guy Gendron. In mid-February, long before this occurred, Eddie Powers, generally considered one of the best hockey referees, had quit his job in disgust, not over thrown punches or even thrown tomatoes but because of what he called the failure of the NHL top brass to give him and other officials respect and comfort in their hours of trial.

"I quit the National Hockey League,"

league years before for gambling and wanted reinstatement. Instead of discussing that, Blake was reported as saying (in the French-language *Montreal Mirror*), "They'd be better off investigating the conduct of officials who handle themselves in such a way you'd think they bet on the outcome of the game."

Powers, who felt his honor had been impugned, promptly complained about it to Campbell, and two weeks later the

In quitting the NHL, Eddie Powers was following the lead of another official, Red Storey, also highly rated in his time. During the 1959 Stanley Cup playoffs, Clarence Campbell was quoted as saying that Storey "froze" on some important decisions during a game at Chicago. Three days later Storey turned in his resignation and told the newspapers: "I'm quitting this game because the league president did not back



A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT AMONG PLAYERS IS ALL PART OF A NIGHT'S WORK FOR OFFICIALS ART SKOV (10) AND GEORGE HAYES

he says, "because, in my opinion, Clarence Campbell, the president of that league, made a weak show of defending my integrity. The pressure of making split-second decisions on the ice is bad enough without the added strain of knowing you will get no support from the top in a showdown after the game."

According to those who worked with him, Powers' indignation had been a long time simmering. The thing that finally brought it to a boil was a published remark by Canadian Coach Hector (Toe) Blake after a Montreal-Toronto game in which Powers officiated. Blake was talking to newsmen (though he later claimed that he was really just talking to himself) about an investigation league officers were making of a player who had been thrown out of the

league president fined Blake \$200. But this, in Powers' eyes, was only four times what Campbell had fined Linesman George Hayes a month before for working a game without a proper shave. In Powers' view this seemed to show that a referee's honesty is worth only four trips to the barbershop. Moreover, there is a clear-cut bylaw stating that any manager publicly criticizing a referee is subject to a fine of up to \$1,000.

"When I heard about that fine," says Powers, "I was disgusted. I was due to attend a referees' meeting the following day in Montreal, so when I got there, I went straight to the league office and told Referee in Chief Carl Voss, 'I'm quitting.' Then I walked out, determined never again to work for either Voss or his boss, Clarence Campbell."

me up. This thing is like a three-ring circus and the officials are being made the clowns."

Whether or not such criticisms as Storey's or Powers' are justified is a question still open to argument. Frank Udvari, who shares with Powers and Storey the reputation of being a first-class official, wants no part of them. "Hell," he says, "Campbell saved my job for me. I was going to quit once after a game in Montreal. Frank Selke wanted to get me fired, but Campbell stood up for me. Powers had troubles in a few games but he's never had the trouble I had."

What is not open to argument is the fact that to make any criticisms at all an official is virtually forced to quit the league. In the handbook for the guidance

continued

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of NHL officials, Referee in Chief Carl Voss states bluntly that referees and linesmen alike "must refrain from public criticism of the league, its officers, its policies, fellow officials and linesmen and players, or the officials of league teams." This is not exactly an invitation to make an open forum of discontent.

"Unless Mr. Campbell clears it, I have no business giving information to the press or even talking to the press," said Linesman Matt Pavelich last week when he was asked to comment on a charge that the referee in chief had once rebuked him in front of a team manager.

Despite their disinclination to talk about it, the current morale of NHL referees and linesmen is, according to ex-Referee Powers, "at an alltime low," thanks to the fact that Campbell and Voss "have repeatedly failed to support officials in controversial situations." To illustrate, he cites the time when Jack Adams, then general manager of the Detroit Red Wings, called him "gutless and chicken" to a roomful of reporters. Campbell, says Powers, took no disciplinary action whatever against the Detroit manager.

Referees, according to Powers, are not only the least appreciated of sports officials but quite possibly the most underpaid. Powers does not include himself in this complaint. During the 1961-62 season he made \$13,380, which is fair money in any business. His regular pay was \$175 a game. Udvari has even fewer grounds for complaint and he explains his refusal to join Powers' walkout with: "Where else could I make \$16,000 in a year?" But the less-experienced hockey officials have to make do with far less than either of these. The younger referees make only two or three thousand more than the \$5,000 they are guaranteed for the year, and at their regular pay of \$40 a game even the best linesmen seldom earn more than \$6,000. Their guaranteed pay is a puny \$2,500.

These are not sums calculated to give a man the sense of security that makes it easy for him to talk back to employees who have the arbitrary power to impose fines. And the fines are sometimes imposed with godlike capriciousness.

Some weeks ago the Canadiens' crack goalie, Jacques Plante, a man whose chronic exasperation equals his skill in the nets, startled everyone in the NHL by suddenly charging that goals, which are supposed to be of uniform size, va-

continued

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HOCKEY REF. continued

ried from city to city. Powers was about to referee a game in Chicago Stadium when the charge was made, and Voss hastily called to ask if he had a tape measure. Powers admitted he had not, and soon afterward Voss arrived bringing one with him. When the goals at the stadium were measured they proved that Plante was right.

A few days later, Referee Powers was notified that he had been fined \$25 for failing to carry a tape measure.

"There is no rule anywhere," he says, "making it mandatory to carry a tape measure. How can a man be fined for breaking a rule that doesn't exist?"

A rule that does exist, according to Eddie Powers, only to be broken repeatedly by the league president and his chief of referees, is that concerning the conduct of games. Labeled 36 (a) in the official NHL rulebook it reads: "The referee shall have general supervision of the game and full control of all game officials and players during the game, including stoppages; and in case of any dispute, his decision shall be final."

"I had been a referee in the Western Hockey League for six seasons when I broke into the NHL," says Eddie Powers, "and I was determined to call games my way. I always resented interference during a game."

Powers tells of a time during the intermission in a playoff game he was refereeing in Chicago. Vern Buffey, the standby referee that night, brought a message to him from Campbell, who liked to keep control of things from the stands. "You might as well talk to the wall," snapped Powers. "I'll listen to Campbell when the game's over. Not now."

In Montreal three years earlier, it fell to Powers to supervise one of the wildest free-for-alls that ever took place on NHL ice. In the second period of a Canadiens-Maple Leafs game the Hub goalies took a swipe at the Leafs' Billy Harris. When Harris retaliated, Canadian Jean-Guy Talbot leaped at him and both players landed on the ice. Gerry James, a Winnipeg footballer on the Leafs, raced to Harris' help, and Montreal's Dickie Moore charged over to help Talbot. In a moment every player on both teams was twisting, squirming, gripping, clawing or throwing punches somewhere in the confusion. When the ruckus was halted, Powers decided that the only way to

continued



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arrive at a reasonable solution was to send everybody on both teams into the penalty box and then to bring them out and send them back again, in a complex schedule involving delayed two-minute and five-minute jail terms.

Clarence Campbell was sitting in the stands at the time, and soon after play was resumed Powers began to notice that the wrong players were coming out of the box. "I skated over to the timekeeper," he says, "and asked, 'What's going on?'" The confused timekeeper explained, "Mr. Campbell told me to do it this way."

Whatever his ex-referee may feel about him, National League President Campbell seems to bear no grudge against Powers. Campbell was a referee himself and was once punched on the nose by the Bruins' great superstar, Dit Clapper, so he has—or at any rate claims—a certain sympathy. "Mr. Powers is an experienced and capable referee," he said in Montreal just before the season ended. "We have no quarrel with him, and if he has one with us, that is his prerogative. It was his job to referee hockey games, not decisions reached by the National Hockey League. He felt we were not backing him up enough and as a result he left. Well, he left."

President Campbell's comments are doubtless diplomatic, but they are far less informative than those of Canadian Senator Hartland de M. Molson, one of the most active of the Montreal owners. Senator Molson admits frankly that the refereeing situation is a mess. Like other veteran observers, he believes the trouble lies chiefly in the rule book, a piece of fiction that bears little resemblance to the game that is played on the ice. "Either start playing the game according to the rules," he says (which means giving the referees a much firmer hand), "or rewrite the rules to fit the game."

Whatever the rules say, big-league hockey will not long be taken seriously as a game if its officials become mere objects which can be shoved from goal to goal like the puck. By averting his eyes from ex-Referee Powers' complaints, ex-Referee Campbell is leaving himself open to the taunt frequently aimed at his referees by the fans at New York's Madison Square Garden when official decision runs counter to their taste. "Hey dere, Clarence," the Broadway wits are likely to shout at him. "Yu know yu missin' a great game?"

END

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SPALDING

DISTANCE



Hematoma is a word that didn't get into many baseball stories last year and won't get into many this year either. Through the last two months of the 1962 season Maury Wills of the Los Angeles Dodgers was suffering from hematoma—the purple swelling that all full-throttle ballplayers get. Wills had it from his knee to his hip on his left leg. The Dodger trainers had to work 30 minutes a day on Wills before he could take to the field, and most of the time in those last two months he was forced to slide on his stomach. But please don't tell the oldtime baseball fanatics about hematoma or Maury Wills or the slambang ballplayers of today because their memories are only of Ty Cobb (Cobb with his teeth clenched in the dugout; Cobb sliding into second with his spikes high). But baseball as a blood sport didn't die with Ty Cobb. And since the players of today are bigger and stronger than those of past years, the game is even crueler. The next time that you hear the announcer tell you that Frank

THE SLAMBANG OF BASEBALL

Robinson is on first base with one out and that "the infield is moving up a step looking for the double play," laugh politely. When Frank Robinson—or Ken Boyer or Eddie Mathews or Don Hoak—is on base in a double-play situation, that infield moves in the extra step for much more than the double play. The second baseman and shortstop take the extra step so that they can make the play quicker and get out of the way, because these four—and many more—will tear an infielder wide open. One night Mathews knocked Charlie Neal out for 10 minutes; Robinson once ripped Don Hoak's pants from ankle to belt buckle.

The slambang of baseball exists not only in the knocking together of Elston Howard and Cletis Boyer (*right*) in pursuit of a foul pop. It exists, too, in little things like Norm Larker (now with the Milwaukee Braves) slapping a pick-off throw on the runner's legs harder than anyone else. Larker is extremely effective when a runner gets on base; he gave Wills a couple of taps right in the hematoma near the end of last season. On the following pages are some examples of baseball's slambang. The things to watch closely are the elbows and the knees.





A quick elbow thrust into the pivot man's knee forces him off balance and sets up the possibility of a bad relay

A low slide home with both feet aiming at the same target may make the catcher lose both ball and equanimity





Third-base scene: a furious tangle of arms, legs, and spikes, and a little gratuitous dirty work in the dust





The slide into second is baseball's version of the downfield block. Object: to take the second baseman out of play

1963 SCOUTING REPORTS

The strengths and weaknesses of the major league teams, together with a special look at the main problem faced by each.

Thirty-two pages of analysis by

Robert Creamer, William Leggett, Tom C.

Brody, Herman Weiskopf and Frank Deford



Once There Were Willie, Stan and Babe

And this may be the year another magic name pops up to join the roster of great ones, rising from and obscuring the problems besetting the harassed men who run baseball

BY ROBERT CREAMER

Friends, are you concerned with the problems tormenting the managers and general managers of the 20 major league teams as they wheel and turn and come into line for the 1963 season?

Do you—if you favor the St. Louis Cardinals—feel a cold chill race up and down your spine when you try to figure out what Johnny Keane can possibly do if young Ray Sadecki doesn't win 14 or 15 games this year, as Johnny and the Cardinals, with sample, trusting faith, assume that he will?

Do you pace back and forth with Johnny Pesky and the Boston Red Sox, wondering whether Dick Stuart and Roman Mejias can possibly hit Fenway Park's left-field wall often enough this year to make all that determined trading look good? Do you fidget and fuss with Joe L. Brown of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who traded away three-fourths of a world championship infield and a good part of his hitting power and two first-class relief pitchers in order to strengthen the Pirate defense, which didn't seem to need strengthening in the first place? Are you worried about Al Lopez and Ed Short, manager and general manager of the Chicago White Sox, who every couple of years clean out the attic and do over the kitchen and change the decor in the living room—from speed to power to pitching to fielding—and yet seem to keep sliding farther and farther from the top of the league?

Are these the ones you're fretting about, friends? Or is it Charlie Finley? Walter Alston? George Weiss? The Milwaukee Braves? The Los Angeles Angels? Is it that flat-footed firstbaseman of yours? That nonthinking center fielder? Friends, if you're following baseball this year, there's a problem *somewhere* that's yours—yours and the team you hold close to your bosom. If you're not sure what your worry is, read on. In the 20 specially prepared scouting reports that follow, the nagging problem gnawing at your team is spelled out, isolated, held up to the light for you to see. You can lose sleep over your team with no trouble at all. Even if you're a New York Yankee fan. (No? Well then, what about the bullpen? And are you sure Peppers can do the job at first?)

Some people, of course, don't give an old resin bag for problems. They feel that's the manager's worry, or the gen-

eral manager's. They admit that problems—and their solution or lack thereof—are part of the fun of following baseball, but they argue that it's even more fun to simply wait and see what unbelievable thing is going to happen next. They haven't the slightest idea right now what it will be this year, but they know it will be something and it will be unforgettable.

It might be as bizarre as Bo Belinsky and his big mouth and his five straight wins and his no-hit, no-run game and his ducktail haircuts, but what a refreshing sight Bo's magnificently flowing locks were after those acres and acres of flattop crew cuts). Everybody tried to stifle Bo, sit on him, shut him up, smooth him out until he was indistinguishable from the rest of the ballplayers around. But in the end the only one who could stop Belinsky was Belinsky himself, and he achieved that by losing his touch as a pitcher for a while. As long as he was winning, Bo was fine, if difficult. When he started to lose he was merely difficult.

Belinsky points up something that is a vital characteristic of baseball. He stands out because he is an individual, and baseball needs individuals. Baseball is not a team game—at least, not in the sense that football is. A football player like Terry Baker shines in a game because of his extraordinary skills, but what he is able to accomplish depends to a large degree on his team. In baseball, on the other hand, a Walter Johnson or an Ernie Banks can do almost as much with a last-place club as with a pennant winner. A football team must be drilled and trained to perfection; it must operate as a unit; it must be controlled and directed in all phases of its activity by a shrewd and dominant leader. It is like a Roman army, whereas a baseball team is more like one of the barbarian hordes that overran Rome as the empire collapsed; it is a collection of individuals banded together for a common purpose; it has a leader whom the individuals follow, but the individuals can operate effectively without the leader.

Imagine the Green Bay Packers without Vince Lombardi or his staff for an entire season. The precision and strength and winning ways of the Packers could not be maintained without the constant and attentive leadership of a forceful

and brilliant head coach. Now imagine the New York Yankees without Ralph Houk and his coaches. Would you want to bet that Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris and Whitey Ford and Ralph Terry and Tom Tresh and all the rest couldn't play together without a manager? Of course, the problems of discipline and player evaluation and morale would eventually undermine even the Yankees, but in a seven-game World Series would you give odds that a Yankee team without a manager would lose?

It's the individual who makes baseball, the individual player and the individual feat, sometimes an obscure individual feat. Bill Rigney, Manager of the Year last season with the Los Angeles Angels, talked with enthusiasm recently about a play his young catcher, Bob Rodgers, made last summer: "We were playing in New York," Rigney said, "and we had them tied in extra innings. The game went 12 in all, and we did eventually get beat. But in the 11th, the Yankees had the bases loaded with one out, so we pulled the infield in to cut off the run at the plate. Bill Skowron was on second for the Yankees and as the ball was pitched he came halfway down the line behind Joe Koppe, our shortstop. Bobby Richardson was up for the Yanks, and he topped a boulder right to Koppe. Joe threw the ball to Rodgers for the force at home plate and I was thinking already—who's their next hitter?—because I knew we weren't going to double Richardson at first. And then Rodgers threw the ball to third and forced Skowron, and we were out of the inning.

"I couldn't believe it. I thought, how could he force Skowron at third when Skowron was already halfway to third when the ball was hit? Well, Skowron had stopped behind Koppe and didn't break for third until Joe fielded the ball and threw to the plate, because he didn't want Koppe to see him and tag him before he threw home. Rodgers saw Skowron stop—I think he must have been the only person in the ball park who did—and he didn't hesitate a second. He threw the ball to Eddie Yost and we had a double play, short to home to third. Yost said to me later, 'I was so surprised I caught the ball right here, at my belt buckle. I thought, what's he throwing it to me for?'" Rigney shook his head. "That's a rare thing in a young player—that instant reflex to do the right thing. Yogi Berra had it. And this kid Rodgers has it, too."

There it is: only one play, one little out, in a long summer of thousands of plays and thousands of outs—but it was an instant of time that was imbedded in memory, something to keep as a collector's item. There will be more collector's items to savor this year, and there will be ballplayers to watch (cherished antiques like Musial and Spahn, for instance) and—best of all—new ballplayers to discover.

Exactly a dozen years ago this May, the Giants brought up a 20-year-old kid named Mays, who played the outfield the way boys play it in their wildest and most imaginative daydreams. The Giants went on to win that year (*that* pennant race was more than a collector's item; it was the *Musa Lisa*), but late in May they were still trying to shake off a deeply early-season slump. Willie joined the club in Philadelphia and went to hit 12 straight times without a hit. In his first game in the Polo Grounds, the Giants faced the

Braves and Warren Spahn. In the top of the first inning the Braves scored three runs, and in the bottom of the first Spahn put out the first two Giants like a man stepping on ants. Then Willie came up and hit a huge home run onto the roof in left field.

It was his first big-league hit, and the crowd, depressed because they knew they weren't going to beat Spahn that night (and they didn't), leaped up and roared and cheered as though Willie had just won the World Series. It was a strange, tringly thing to be a part of, because all that the crowd was saying, really, was, "Welcome, Willie, we've been waiting all our lives for you." For the next two months, or until the Giants began to move after the Dodgers in earnest, about all anybody who followed the Giants talked about was Willie. His dismal early batting average rose steadily as Willie went on the first of his many batting tears and went as high as .316 at one point, though he finished the season at .274.

Well, that's the point. A Willie Mays is something that can happen only once. But he did happen. And so did Bob Feller in 1936, and Ted Williams in 1939, and Stan Musial in 1941. (Bob Broeg, the St. Louis sportswriter who was working for a Boston paper that year, said he talked to Casey Stengel in Boston late in the 1941 season after Casey had returned with his Braves from a road trip, during which they played against Musial, a brand-new rookie, for the first time. The Cardinals had been bringing up superb young players for two or three seasons as they built their magnificent team of the early '40s. "How did the Cards look?" asked Broeg, who had read a little about Musial. Casey glanced at him. "They got another one," he said, in one of the shortest bits of Stengelse on record. Broeg knew at once what Casey meant, and so, now, in retrospect, do we.) Babe Ruth happened in 1915 and Joe DiMaggio in 1936 and, right now, fidgeting around a hotel room waiting for the season to begin, there might be such a one again, maybe Blakey of Pittsburgh, or Harper of Cincinnati, or Ward of the White Sox, or Mathews of the Cubs.

Or there might be a man for the season—a Belinsky, a Roger Maris, a Ewell Blackwell. This might be the year a Dale Long hits a homer a game for eight games, or a Joe DiMaggio hits in 56 straight, or a Johnny Vander Meer pitches two consecutive no-hitters. Or the St. Louis Cardinals might come from 10 games back in August to win the National League pennant from the Dodgers and go on to rack up the Yankees, four games to one, in the World Series, as they did in 1942. And listen, friend, a team like the 1914 Boston Braves might come raging up like a nova for one unforgettable run at glory, to win the pennant and the Series in four straight and then subside again into obscurity.

Or take the Mets. You can't expect them to be Shakespearean clowns again. They could do the same act, except that it won't be funny the second time around. But suppose the Mets pull an Angels? Think of the odds you could have had a year ago if you had bet on the Los Angeles Angels to finish third. Just imagine the Mets finishing third! Just imagine.

Friends, it will be fun watching.



LOS ANGELES DODGERS

Turmoil at the top and on the field

Not long after the Los Angeles Dodgers blew the pennant last October strange things were said, overheard and done. Not surprisingly, Leo Durocher led the way. Abandoning the false front of silence he had worn all year, Leo second-guessed everyone from Manager Walt Alston to selected Dodger players. Later he denied that he had second-guessed anyone. But Leo had, and Alston knows it.

At World Series time, Walter O'Malley, the proprietor, took himself hunting and, as he says, "Every time I raised the rifle to my shoulder I saw a manager or a coach or certain players, and my finger would start to squeeze the trigger." When Walter O'Malley says this he does not smile.

Buzzie Bavasi, the general manager, was sore, too. "After we had blown the thing," says Bavasi, "I was burning mad. My emotions were taking over my judgments." Bavasi is a shrewd baseball man, an expert at evaluating talent. "Now is the time," he says ominously, "that Alston must take charge and take charge in a big way. It's his job to do."

Into the fringe area of this tense Dodger situation has stepped Charles Dressen, known lovingly as Jolly Cholly. Dressen is listed by the Dodgers as scout—which is a new way of spelling troubleshooter. "Oh, I know," says Charley, "everyone thinks that with Leo and me here together there will be trouble. I never cause anyone any trouble."

Walter Alston, shown at left with Dressen and Durocher, is a quiet man and an honorable one. He knows that he may not finish out the season if the Dodgers bog down at the start. He stays alone most of the time on the field, and in the evening he plays cards with Pete Reiser, the Dodgers' most respected coach. There are many Dodger players—and most of them are pitchers—who do not like Alston, who believe him to be weak. But last year Alston finally got mad at Durocher and told him to zip his lip.

The Dodgers of 1963 are aware of this turmoil at the top and they will find that it is not easy to play ball at one's peak in the middle of palace revolution and intrigue.

HITTING

Bill Skowron was picked up from the Yankees to give the Dodgers some needed right-handed power. Along with Frank Howard (31 HRs) and Tommy Davis (27 HRs), he does indeed give the Dodgers an awesome right-handed punch. Howard is a streak hitter and still has trouble with curves, but Davis led the majors last year in hits (230), runs batted in (153) and average (.346). The Dodger hitting is augmented by speed, and Maury Wills, Willie Davis, John Roseboro, Jim Gilliam and Tommy Davis can pick up where the hitting drops off. Last year they stole 183 bases in 219 tries. Ron Fairly is a good hitter and should bat close to .300.

PITCHING

Going into last season, the Dodgers had one of the best pitching staffs in baseball, with two excellent right-handers and two excellent left-hand-

ers. Going into this season, they have one excellent right-hander (Don Drysdale, 25-9) and questions, questions. Has Sandy Koufax' injured index finger healed sufficiently so that he can use his breaking stuff? The answer to that will come early for the Dodgers, because they are forced by the schedule to play 28 games on 27 consecutive days from April 16 to May 12. Koufax, who struck out 216 in 184 innings, must be able to take a regular turn in that period. What about Johnny Podres' aching back? Podres was strong at the end of last season but he still finished only eight of 40 starts. And who replaces Stan Williams (14-12), now departed along with his fast ball to the New York Yankees? Probably Larry Sherry, who has gone as far as seven innings only once in the last two years. Bob Miller might start, but last year with the Mets he completed only one game in 21 starts; 20-year-old Joe Moeller is wild;

and Phil Ortega lacks confidence. The Dodgers, however, have an excellent bullpen with Ron Perranoski, Ed Roebuck, Pete Richert and Jack Smith.

FIELDING

The Dodgers fielded three points better than the wildly inept Mets last season. Alston again is telling Tommy Davis, a natural outfielder, that he is a third baseman. The second-base situation is as confused as ever. Rookie Nate Oliver is this year's New Second Baseman, but Nate may stumble on the double play. Skowron, at first, has trouble moving around. Howard, in right, is too slow getting the jump on a fly ball, while Fairly in left is just plain slow. Despite his great speed, Center Fielder Willie Davis is still learning his trade. Roseboro made more errors last season than any other catcher in the majors. Only at short, with Wills, is the team blessed with a complete fielder.

The Dodgers have a leaky defense, a shortage of starting pitchers and a palace intrigue. Steady Walter Alston faces a formidable task in preventing the team from slipping to third

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

A southpaw and a conspiracy of ifs

"Our pitching staff," says Branch Rickey, "is a conspiracy of ifs." Relievers Diomedes Olivo and Bobby Shantz have reached the age where every season may have been the last. Curt Simmons—who has already run through several comebacks—has now arrived at that same point. Ernie Broglio and Bob Gibson, two starters who should be having their best pitching years, are both coming off serious injuries and cannot be counted on yet. This all bestows a greater burden on two young pitchers—Ray Washburn and Ray Sadecki (right). Washburn had a fine rookie season in 1962 and is sound and ready. Sadecki's temperament has been more mercurial. It soared along with his earned run average last year after he had led the staff as a rookie in 1961. As the only regular left-handed starter (Simmons is a once-a-week type), Sadecki may be the biggest if in the conspiracy.

Sadecki was chastened by last year's miserable season, but not in a defensive way. "The monkey was really on my back," said Sadecki. "I'd never been in the bullpen, and I

wasn't any good out there, but whenever they'd give me another start I wouldn't be in shape for that, so I'd get hit, they'd send me back to the bullpen, and it would start all over again." Manager Johnny Keane and Sadecki never once sat down to talk things out. Sadecki was left just to brood. "I guess I was agitating all along," he says with chagrin.

The Cardinals have to hope that 1963 is the year of the happy ending for Ray Sadecki and the team. But this is, historically speaking, an uncertainty. Sadecki was in the Army this winter and was late getting to camp for the second year in a row. In fact, he joined the team about the same time that he did last year, and Sadecki is mindful of the coincidence. "Now, it's just like last year," he said shortly after he rejoined the team. "This is in shape." He rubbed the muscles of his left arm, with compassion. "But the rest of me isn't yet. I have to pitch a lot. I want to. The season starts, that's too late to do any experimenting."

HITTING

The Cardinals have .300 hitters they don't know what to do with. Three left-handed batters—George Altman, Bill White and Stan Musial—all hit well over .300 and will be scattered for best advantage through the lineup along with three right-handed, former .300 hitters—Curt Flood, Dick Groat and Ken Boyer—all of whom slumped into the .290s last season. For balance of power there is also big, strong, right-handed Gene Oliver hitting seventh. But it's still a game of runs and, for all their hitting, the Cards just don't seem to score. Except for the Mets and Colts no NL team in the last two seasons has left so many men on base. Finishing sixth last year with a team that hit .271 (second-best in the majors), the Cardinals won the easy ones (a 27-13 record in games decided by five runs or more), but they were only 25-29 with the one-run games—those that decide pennants.

PITCHING

Even if all their starters do come around, the Cardinals could still have pitching trouble—in the bullpen. Shantz (1.96 ERA) and Olivo (2.79) had good records, but they also total 80 years and two left arms. Either Ed Bauta or Bob Daliba must develop to give the Cards a right-hander in the bullpen. Both have had trials before, and both still need control of another pitch (besides the fast ball) to be effective. Among the starters, Broglio (12-9) and Gibson (15-13) could win 20 apiece if they are fully recovered from various injuries. This spring Washburn has improved his curve and change to go with his sinking stuff. If Sadecki finds himself and his 1961 form, the Cards will have a top four-starter rotation with Simmons available for spot starts. The rookie with the best chance to take somebody's job is right-hander Ron Taylor, obtained from the Indians.

FIELDING

In center field, Flood will have to hurry to range between the likes of Musial and Altman, but he had that same tough assignment last year and handled it well. Moreover, Altman has improved his fielding in the last couple of seasons, and his weak arm will be camouflaged somewhat in St. Louis by the short right-field area. Behind the plate, Oliver has had a year to learn how to handle pitchers, and pitchers now have greater confidence in him. So does Oliver in himself. With Groat at short, St. Louis has perhaps the best infield in the league. White at first and Boyer at third are no worse than one-two at their positions, and Julian Javier is an improving second baseman who is likely to make more double plays with Groat feeding him on the pivot. Last year Groat led all shortstops in put-outs, assists and double plays. When he needs rest, Dal Maxvill is a capable substitute.

For the Xteenth year in a row, the Cardinals have a pitching staff—on paper—that could set the league on its ear. St. Louisans are waiting to see the potential turn into the real thing



HOUSTON COLT .45s

Too much
and too soon
in Houston

By actual count—not by cruel assessment—Houston's 25-man roster will contain no more than 20 ballplayers of major league ability. It will be padded out by five young players—some of whom have never so much as hit or thrown a baseball for pay before. The Colt .45s only have to protect them from the new first-year draft. Whether this is fair to the veterans who will be cut, to the kids who will be kept on the bench or to the fans who will still pay major league ticket prices on the assumption that spring training ended April 7, is not immediately important to the Colts. As he did at Baltimore, General Manager Paul Richards is letting

the present take care of itself. He has set all the .45s' sights on the future. Richards even blandly admits: "If we have as good a competitive record as we did last season, I'll be satisfied." Competitively, the Colts won 64 games. Speculatively, they signed 105 free agents at a cost of \$900,000.

The draft rule, designed ostensibly to curb the wild bonus spending of past years, states that any player who has completed his first year of professional baseball may be drafted by another club for the piddling sum of \$8,000, unless the player is kept on the major league roster. The first problem then is whom to protect. "The hardest part," Richards says, "is trying to consider the value of these players two, three, four years from now." The rules do allow one first-year player to be sent to the minors, but he must be counted as part of the 25-man major league roster. Either Second Baseman Ernie Fazio (1 for 12 with Houston last year) or Catcher John Bateman (.280 with Modesto) will get such seasoning. But three 19-year-olds (Catcher Dave Adlesh, Outfielder Brock Davis and Pitcher Chris Zachary) are the likely choices to start their baseball careers right in the majors. "Whoever we keep, we're going to play," says Manager Harry Craft, so the kids will get some work, at least. It all may pay off in the future, but for the present the odds will be stacked against Houston (no other team will carry more than two first-year men). It was tough enough for the Colts to win 64 games in 1962, when the sides were even.

HITTING

On the subject of hitting, Houston officials would rather remain silent. At the end of last season the only hitter they could talk about with a straight face was Roman Mejias, who led the club in eight offensive departments. Now that he has been traded, the conversation has shifted to Pete Runnels, who came from Boston for Mejias. Runnels led the American League in batting (.326) for the second time in three years, and the Colt .45s hope that his singles will be of more value than Mejias' home runs (24). Al Spangler (.285), Carl Warwick (.264 and 17 HRs) and Bob Aspromonte (.266) are the best of a punchless group of holdovers. Choice newcomers include Manny Mota (from the Giants), Ellis Burton (.286 with Los Angeles) and George Williams (.258 with Oklahoma City). Opposing players complained that the lighting in Houston was extremely bad, so maybe the Colt .45s can blame part of their poor hitting on this,

too. They were ninth in batting and last in homers in the NL and scored the fewest runs in the majors.

PITCHING

Houston pitchers did not fret about the lights and, perhaps because of them, struck out 1,047 batters (the Dodgers are the only other major league team ever to go over 1,000). On paper, Dick Farrell's 10-20 record looks terrible. But he had 203 strikeouts, a 3.01 ERA and an average of only 2.05 walks a game. Curve-baller Bob Bruce (4.06) was the only regular starter with more wins than losses (10-9). Left-hander Hal Woodeshick (5-16, 4.40 ERA), Knuckleballer Ken Johnson (7-16, 3.84 ERA) and Jim Umbricht (4-0, 2.01 ERA) are other possible starters this year. When it comes to the bullpen, Houston has numbers if nothing else. Don McMahon, whose 1.69 ERA was the best in the majors (though he did not pitch enough innings to qualify for the title), is an ideal short-relief man. Be-

hind him are such names as Don Nottebart, Russ Kemmerer, Jim Golden and Dick Drott.

FIELDING

The 1962 season was less than a month old when Manager Craft said, "I'm ready to retract what I said about our having a pretty good defense." He was right, for Houston finished eighth in fielding and double plays in the NL. Once again Craft is optimistic about his team's fielding, but this time he feels he won't have to change his mind. Although the infield is still unsettled, there are better glovemans around to start the season. Johnny Temple, Bob Lillis, J.C. Hartman and George Williams are interchangeable at second and short and, in some instances, third. Runnels can do an adequate job at first. Only two outfielders return from 1962—Spangler and Warwick. Many of the balls they don't catch will be pursued and possibly even caught by Mota and Burton. Both are swift, capable center fielders.

The Colt .45s are loaded with youngsters barely beyond the age of adolescence. Some of them are bound to come through, and this makes Houston a good bet—for the 1965 season

PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES

Getting there is half the farm system

Last year the Phillies were the hottest team in baseball from August 11 on. They won 30 games, lost 14 and actually succeeded in getting above .500 for the season. Such a performance naturally engenders exuberance but, unfortunately, both the Phillie performance and records may be misleading. For one thing, many of the players suddenly had good years, a miracle not likely to repeat itself. For another, the Phillies' record (even their closing rush) was founded on a gross mistreatment of the expansion teams (Houston and New York), which they whipped 31 games to five. And finally, for this season and those others to come,

the Phillies themselves must start producing ballplayers.

Last year's success was built almost entirely on players whom General Manager John Quinn obtained in trades or by the draft. From the farm system there were only four players who contributed significantly to the team's success. Quinn had been forced to trade. When he arrived four years ago, most of the 1950 Whiz Kids were still around, and the farm was producing nothing but an occasional pitcher, mostly because Owner Bob Carpenter is bugs about pitching, and nobody wanted to argue with him. Instead, the Phils stood pat, hot after winning the pennant. The Whiz Kids became Was Kids and no replacements were being developed. Now the Philadelphia farm system has started to show signs of life. The organization has developed greater spirit and cohesiveness. The able Gene Martin has once again been given full charge of both scouting and the farm teams. And perhaps most important, the Phillies are signing young players who can hit as well as those who can throw. "The farm system is definitely improving," says Manager Gene Mauch. "They're not being so selective. It used to be they were only signing the kids they felt certain would make the majors. Now they're taking a few more chances." The farm produce isn't ready for 1963, though. Quinn has been the best trader in the major leagues, but in the well-balanced National League seventh place is still about as high as you can get with somebody else's players.

HITTING

There were only two major league teams in 1962 with 300-hitting outfielders. The Giants had one, the Phillies the other (when 27-year-old Don Demeter wasn't playing third base). This season Demeter will be able to play full time in right alongside John Callison (24) and Tony Gonzalez (26). All three youthful strongmen hit at least 20 home runs, and Demeter—the only right-hander in the group—led the team in both homers (29) and RBIs (107). Roy Sievers spent three months last season taking American League balls that were National League strikes before he started swinging "at anything even close" and wound up with a respectable 21 home runs, 80 RBIs. The middle of the infield (Bobby Wine or Ruben Amaro at short and Tony Taylor at second) is strictly weak stick at bat. Don Hoak could help the Phillies' attack immeasurably, but after his .241 in Pittsburgh last season no one is sure. One bright promise: Clay Dal-

rymple became a good-hitting catcher (.276) with occasional power and a very good eye (70 walks, 32 strikeouts last year).

PITCHING

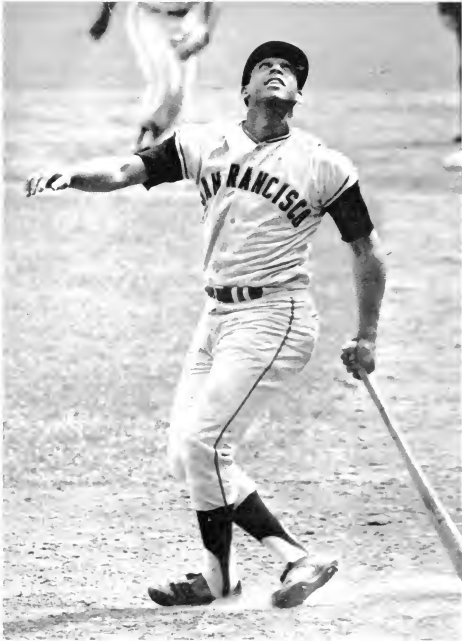
At 24, Art Mahaffey is a complete pitcher, the only one the Phillies have. He was 19-14 last year and would have won 20 except, says Manager Gene Mauch, "He was trying for his 20th win before he got his 18th." Jack Hamilton, also 24, was 9-12 with a ghastly 5.09 ERA as a rookie. He led the league in wild pitches (22) and bases on balls (107) in a modest 182 innings. Chris Short (25), a left-hander, has an improved changeup to go with his fast ball and curve. Another young lefty, Dennis Bennett (23), finished the season strong. But he was injured this winter in a car crash in Puerto Rico and probably won't be ready for real action until midseason. The most impressive Philadelphia pitcher this spring was Paul Brown (21), a hepatitis victim the past sea-

son. Old Cal McLish is in top shape, but at 37 he can do no more than spot-start. Rookie Marcelino Lopez and newcomers Ryne Duren and Johnny Klippstein can start and relieve. But the real relief is in the hands of Jack Baldsehn, a premier short reliever who won 12 games, saved 11 others and had a 2.95 ERA in 67 appearances last season.

FIELDING

Callison, Gonzalez and Demeter form as good a defensive outfield as there is. The desperate moves at third base (18 men have played there since Mauch arrived in 1960) are over now that Hoak is in town. Taylor came back after a couple of bad seasons to play well at second last year. It makes no difference to him whether Wine or Amaro is at short. They are virtually equal in ability. First base is the weakest spot even though smooth-fielding Frank Torre picks up Sievers in the late innings. Darymple has improved a lot behind the plate.

Most of the players John Quinn wangled from other teams enjoyed good seasons last year, but until the farms start producing, the team cannot be said to have great expectations



SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS

Orlando can make them happy or sad

That Orlando Cepeda's big brown eyes are often sad has been a matter of concern to the Giants in the past, but it was not until this spring that his teammates were caught in his dilemma. When Cepeda (*left*) became the most prominent holdout of 1963, one Giant player snapped, "How long does he think he can hold out after the way he played last year?" Manager Alvin Dark spoke up, too. "We have worked on all possible plays involving the pitcher, second baseman and first baseman, but when Orlando gets here we'll have to do it all over again." Dark also explained a plus-minus rating system that he kept on his players last year. Willie Mays led with some 100 plus points. "Cepeda," Dark said darkly, "had 40 more *minuses* than *pluses*." Last season Cepeda hit 35 homers, had 114 RBIs and batted .306. Still, Giant officials rankle at the memory of his .231 in the final five weeks, and even more at his lack of hustle. Last August, Cepeda was fined \$50 for not running out a grounder. In the clubhouse Cepeda yelled at Dark, "Why you don't make it \$1,000?" Orlando went on a brief batting

sproo, but he had developed a loop in his swing and was lunging at pitches.

If 1962 ended on a sour note, 1963 opened on an acid one, with virtually the entire Giant organization, including his teammates, unhappy with Orlando. At times a highly sensitive and emotional person, Cepeda has been, for all his success, a frustrated player. He has been hurt by the fact that he plays in Mays's shadow, by his failure to gain recognition as leader of the Latin players on the club (Felipe Alou has that honor), by contractual wranglings and by his own late-season performance. Shortly before Cepeda reported this year, part-time Coach Hank Sauer said, "If he doesn't get that loop out of his swing soon he'll be in real trouble. It's not the kind of thing you correct while you're playing a game."

A year ago the Giants catapulted into an early lead largely because of Cepeda, who on June 1 was hitting .341. Without that quick getaway the Giants would not have been in contention. They will need it even more this season.

HITTING

The same batters who produced hits (better than one an inning) and runs (5.3 a game) on an assembly line basis are back. San Francisco led the majors in both categories. Chief of Production Willie Mays had 141 RBIs, was tops in the majors with 49 homers and batted .304, his sixth straight .300 year. The other big men were: Felipe Alou (.316, 25 HRs, 98 RBIs), Cepeda, Harvey Kuenn (.304, 10 HRs, 68 RBIs) and Jim Davenport (.297, 14 HRs). This sluggingest of all clubs also has Willie McCovey, an off-season toy salesman, whose part-time .293 BA was supplemented by 20 home runs. He hit one for each 11.5 at bats, the best such performance in baseball last year. Reserve Outfielder Marty Alou (.292) was not an easy out either. Tom Haller and Ed Bailey shared the catching and between them had 35 homeruns and 100 RBIs.

PITCHING

Unsurpassed in either league were the Giants' top four starters—right-handers Jack Sanford (24-7, 3.43 ERA) and Juan Marichal (18-11, 3.35 ERA), left-handers Billy Pierce (16-6, 3.50 ERA) and Billy O'Dell (19-14, 3.52 ERA). Their 58 complete games were 10 ahead of any other team's big four. Jack Fisher had a 5.09 ERA and a 7-9 record with Baltimore last year but has enough stuff and control to become the fifth starter. It is in the bullpen that the only possible crisis exists. Trades took away Stu Miller and Dick LeMay. Former Oriole Billy Hoefl, counted on to take up the slack, injured his pitching shoulder twice this spring and is not expected to be in top shape until May. Still the Giants have Jim Duffalo for long relief and spot starts, and Bob Bolin, who has an excellent fast ball and an improved sinker, ready for

two- and three-inning jobs. Lowballer Don Larsen specializes at coming in with men on base and cutting rallies short.

FIELDING

A ball hit in the vicinity of Davenport at third, Jose Pagan at short, Mays in center or Felipe Alou in right hasn't got a chance. It is hard to find two better men on pop-ups than Pagan and Catcher Haller, a vital consideration at Candlestick Park, where even gentle breezes blow people out of the stands. Kuenn and McCovey are adequate left fielders and if they hug the line it is no bother because Mays and Alou can compensate. If there is a weakness anywhere it would be on the right side of the infield. Chuck Hiller made seven more errors than any other second baseman. Infielder Joey Amalfitano, obtained from the Colts, will be a valuable fill-in.

Five different teams have won National League pennants since '57. The Giants, with their thunderous power and pitching, could stop this nonsense—but only if Cepeda is willing

NEW YORK METS

Still no help from the front office

It is an accepted legend that in the National League expansion draft of 1961, the Houston Colt .45s chose young, unproved players, while the New York Mets loaded their roster with fading old stars. In actual fact, the Mets' draftees averaged a full year younger than the Colts'. It was just that the Mets' choices weren't anywhere near as good. This fact remains true today, although only 15 of the more than 40 Mets who went to spring training last year are still with the team. However, this has been more a numbers game than an arithmetical progression, for the replacements obtained will not get the Mets much closer to ninth place than the team was last year. Responsibility for this must remain with President George Weiss (*right*) and his front office. On the field, Casey Stengel and his staff are as good as any in baseball. The front office itself has done well in every aspect but that of obtaining athletes to play ball. "From the start," says ex-Met Richie Ashburn, "everything was major

league with the Mets except the team on the field." Just for the record, the team on the field was the worst in the majors in hitting, pitching and fielding, not to mention the standings. The 120 losses were no fluke. For this, their second year, the Mets appear to have strengthened themselves only on defense. While other teams were trading good ballplayers with abandon, Weiss dealt only in fringe players. This was a policy reminiscent of the days when he was with the Yankees, where he always held four to a flush. But with the Mets, where it is a question of drawing to an inside straight, Weiss's standpat attitude is confusing.

Now he continues to move the Mets in one direction—to youth. Unfortunately, the youth is not yet ready to serve in 1963. Last year the team tried to "accelerate" its best bonus prospects and they got murdered in Triple-A. The failure to take chances by trading some of the present key personnel could prove to be just as disastrous this year.

HITTING

Duke Snider, Frank Thomas, Charlie Neal and Gil Hodges must lead the Met attack this year. Hodges' knee is responding slowly, and it is not certain that he will be of any help. Thomas got 34 home runs and 94 RBIs last year, but too many of the homers came with the bases empty and too many of the RBIs were bunched, often in lost games. Neal could be the class of the Mets. His attitude is improved, a hand operation was successful, and the pride of responsibility may also help his hitting. Except for Marv Throneberry, the other infielders are either rookies with modest credentials or veterans who have never hit in the majors. If cured of a bad back, Cliff Cook is most likely to produce. Snider (36), who spent the last few years on the Dodgers' bench, is still a fine power hitter—the best the Mets have. Jim Hickman has a beautiful swing and may be the top Met prospect, but he can be pitched to.

Rookie Dick Smith can run the bases, but he hit only .255 with Omaha and struck out too much this spring. None of the catchers has ever hit.

PITCHING

No "big three" in baseball is as valuable to any team as Roger Craig, Al Jackson and Jay Hook are to the Mets. Last year they accounted for 26 of the 40 Met victories—65% of them, a figure no three pitchers on any other team could manage. Stengel would like the luxury of being able to use Craig in relief. His control, poise and ability to keep runners at bay (a right-hander, he picked 13 men off first last year) would make him an ideal stopper. Carlton Wilkey, obtained from the Braves, could be a fourth starter. Holdovers Galen Cisco and Ken MacKenzie, a left-hander who actually won more games (five) than he lost (four) with the Mets, and newcomer Tracy Stallard look like the best of a meager bullpen.

Pitching is still the Mets' biggest problem. After Craig, Jackson and Hook, every job is open.

FIELDING

It is on defense that the Mets have made strides. This may not win them many games, but it will stop them from throwing so many away. The right side of the infield is strong, even two-deep. Hodges and Tim Lincecum carry good gloves at first, and so do Larry Burright and Ted Schreiber at second base. Neal will play third if smooth-fielding rookie Al Moran can hit enough to play short. In the outfield Smith has speed and an arm, but Thomas was never a defensive player and Hickman is a center fielder by default. Cook and Snider, who has knee trouble, will be platooned in right field, and Rod Kanehl, Stengel's pet, will play everywhere. Behind the plate Sammy Taylor and ex-Dodger Norm Sherry have experience, while Choo Choo Coleman has speed.

There is a more youthful look to the Mets, but youth is not enough. George Weiss seems incapable of preventing New York from being the worst team in the major leagues again



CHICAGO CUBS

No haste makes no waste and little hope

"You have to make haste slowly in this business," says Bob Whitlow, the new athletic director of the Cubs. Clearly, the Cubs are making haste with record-shattering slowness. Much as Whitlow, a retired Air Force colonel with no professional baseball background, would like to help win some games, his first chore is even more vital—and difficult. He must establish a chain of command, a task that has already proved touchy. Unless he succeeds there could be even more damaging repercussions on the playing field than those wrought by the ponderous multiple-coach system of the last two seasons.

Whitlow has more or less done away with that coaching

setup by naming Bob Kennedy as head coach, or "manager," for the entire year. Or did he? Kennedy signed his contract on Nov. 14, intimating very strongly that he was the head coach. Whitlow did not join the team until Feb. 1, and it was not until 19 days later that he announced Kennedy as "manager." This brought up the question of whether Owner Philip K. Wrigley had selected Kennedy. Whitlow says he did not.

"All the players seem to like Whitlow, but they don't know what he's doing," says a Chicago sportswriter. What Whitlow is trying to do is to learn as much about the game and the organization as quickly as he can, a ticklish job since he must pick up much of his knowledge from Kennedy and General Manager John Holliand. Several times Whitlow has stated his desire to sit on the bench. Asked if this met with his approval, Kennedy curtly answered, "I'd prefer not." Told of this, Whitlow tactfully said, "I can learn more by watching from the stands."

After seven weeks on the job, Whitlow was requested to redefine his duties at a press conference. His reply: "Actually, I've been shifting gears mentally and becoming more familiar with every phase of the operation." It was an innocuous answer and one which hurt no one's feelings, something that Whitlow will have to be increasingly careful about. If he can straighten out the muddled front-office affairs of the Chicago Cubs, he will have to be regarded by everyone as the best athletic director in organized baseball.

HITTING

Chicago batters have an emaciated look, a condition that has more to do with their hitting (they were seventh in the NL last year with a .253 BA and eighth with 126 HRs) than the fact that not one of them weighs over 195 pounds. There is a good chance, however, that there will be more muscle in this season's lineup. Some of it should be supplied by rookie Nelson Mathews. At 6 feet 4 and 195 pounds, he is the biggest of the Cubs. Improved performances are expected from Ron Santo and Lou Brock (.263 in 1962). Andre Rodgers hit a much overlooked .278. Most of the offense, though, will be geared around Billy Williams and Ernie Banks. The smooth-swinging Williams (.298, 22 HRs, 92 RBIs) is a pleasure to watch—provided you are not a pitcher. And, although Banks' days as a 45-homer man may be ended and he had the worst average (.269) of his nine-year career in

1962, he is still the most dangerous man on the club. To bolster the offense, the Cubs plan to run even more than a year ago, when they stole 78 bases, the most for them since 1929.

PITCHING

Head Coach Kennedy is hoping his pitching will be improved this year (third-worst ERA in the majors in 1962). Most of his hopes revolve around Larry Jackson (16-11, 3.75 ERA for St. Louis last season), who is the first real topflight starter the club has had in years. Backing him will be Bob Buhl (12-14, 3.87 ERA) and Cal Koonce (10-10, 3.96 ERA as a rookie). Koonce, though, won only two games after July 13. For fourth and fifth starters, Kennedy will have to call on Dick Ellsworth (9-20, 5.08 ERA) and Glen Hobbie (5-14, 5.22 ERA). Laboring in an undistinguished bullpen will be knuckleballer Barney Schultz, Dick Le May, ex-Cardinal Lindy McDaniel and Don

Elston. McDaniel, once the best reliever in the league, has had two bad years in a row and was unimpressive this spring. Elston, who also ranked with the finest a short while back, pitched only 21½ innings in the second half of last season.

FIELDING

Rodgers, overshadowed by the record-making play of Second Baseman Ken Hubbs (78 consecutive games without an error), has become one of the finest defensive shortstops in the National League. Third Baseman Santo may be a trifle slow getting started at times, but he has improved in the field. Rodgers, Hubbs and Santo were largely responsible for the Cubs' 171 double plays, the third-best total in the major leagues. In the outfield, Williams and Brock are a little less than glue-fingered, but Center Fielder Mathews catches everything in sight. Overall, the Cubs can count defense as one of their few pluses.

Head Coach Bob Kennedy, a former marine, and Athletic Director Bob Whitlow, an ex-pilot, will find that, even with a stronger attack in '63, the Cubs will be waging defensive warfare

MILWAUKEE BRAVES

A great team grows old ungracefully

High jinks in the Milwaukee camp reached a rollicking climax early this year—it was the opening day of spring training—when eight perspiring and puffing Braves' executives put on spikes and galloped around the infield in a pantomime of throwing, running and fielding. "I don't think we can win a pennant with this group," said the Braves' new manager, Bobby Bragan, and proceeded to herd his bona fide bullplayers out on the field. "I don't think he can win a pennant with this group either," said a reporter sitting on the bench. And the sad part was no one argued the point. Yet just a few short years ago anyone who as much as mentioned even second place for Milwaukee was a wise guy. All

that is changed now. The good Braves are no longer young, and the young ones aren't much good. And last year the citizens of Milwaukee didn't seem to care.

"But it's going to be enjoyable sitting around with these guys," said Bragan, pointing toward Eddie Mathews, Henry Aaron, Del Crandall, Warren Spahn and Lew Burdette, who were milling around the batting cage. It would be even more enjoyable for Bragan if this old guard were all to have one more big, fat, glorious year. "We could be a first-division club if they did," said Bragan, and he is not one to make something out of nothing. What he doesn't know, of course, is whether the old Braves will have that good year. Certainly there was tangible evidence last season that it was all up with some of the old stars. The powerful Mathews suffered a mysterious sore shoulder and, even after a winter's rest, the soreness is still there. Spahn finally did, at age 41, what the experts said he'd do years ago—not win 20 games (but he did win 18). Burdette went into a sort of involuntary retirement and won just half his customary total. And the long, crisp drives that Crandall used to hit down the left-field line became spray singles—good for the average but not calculated to scare pitchers. With General Manager John McHale trading away brilliant young pitchers (Joey Jay and Juan Pizarro) and solid everyday performers like Billy Bruton and Joe Adcock, and then unloading over half the once fertile farm clubs, Bragan will have to depend on old Braves who may prefer peace to war.

HITTING

Crandall doesn't hit the home run much anymore, but he's a more scientific hitter now and harder to get out. "I just may use him at first base," said Bragan. "That way we'll have Crandall and Joe Torre in the game at the same time." Torre seems likely to become a solid .300 man and everyday service for him would make the Braves' attack much more attractive. Norm Larker is now a Brave, and he once came close to a basting championship. It's doubtful if he'll come close again but losing is an affront to the combative first baseman, and the Braves could use some of that attitude. Crux of the Braves' run production is Aaron and Mathews. No matter how the Braves slide, Aaron blissfully hits all the time. He humiliates a pitcher. Mathews still has the beautiful whiplash swing, but the pain in his shoulder hurt his hitting more than his fielding. The Braves need both Aaron and Mathews at

their best to win games. Henry's young brother, Tommie Aaron, "may be the best left fielder in camp," says Bragan, and that puts him at the head of a sizable, if not distinguished, list. His swing is as vicious as Henry's, but he fails to do the same mischief.

PITCHING

The Braves could very well be respectable here, but again it depends on good years from the senior citizens, Spahn and Burdette. The Spahn of '62 was quite a good pitcher, no matter what anybody says. He again led the league in complete games (his eighth time) and has 3.04 ERA does not suggest complete decay. Burdette was of little use to the Braves last year and Bragan had just about counted him out for this season, too. "I'd say he would have to show me in spring training that he's better than some of these other fellows," was the way Bragan put it. And Burdette has done just that. "He has shown me," said

Bragan. "Right now Spahn is No. 1, Burdette is No. 2." That certainly means Bob Shaw is No. 3 and Tony Cloninger or Bob Hendley is No. 4. Bragan will call mostly on Frank Funk, Claude Raymond (2.72 ERA) and young Denny Lemaster (3.00 ERA) to help faltering starters.

FIELDING

Roy McMillan and Frank Bolling are among the best around second and Mathews has learned to play third masterfully. If Bragan decides that Crandall is his first baseman, some enemy hitters may find themselves on base unexpectedly. If it's Larker, hitters will have to earn the base. Tommie Aaron is the best-fielding first baseman of the lot, but he'll likely be in left field. Mack Jones or Ty Cline (obtained from the Indians) in center are very fast, and Henry Aaron in right is a fine fielder. Both Torre and Crandall are excellent receivers and can handle any kind of pitching.

Once the Braves spoke confidently of pennants. Now they speak hopefully of the first division, and even that may be out of reach if their fading old men don't pull off a geriatric miracle



PITTSBURGH PIRATES

The case of the vanishing infield

In the American League the simple way to beat everybody but the Yankees has been to get a new infield. The Orioles, Tigers and Twins, in successive years, have all floated up to second place that way; now the Pirates figure the same technique can work at least as well in the National League, where there aren't any Yankees. In order to give Doan Clendenon (26), Ducky Schofield (28) and Bob Bailey (20), shown at left, a chance to play, the Pirates unloaded Dick Stuart (30), Dick Groat (32) and Don Hoak (35) like remnants at a rummage sale. In return they collected two utility men, an alternate catcher and two pitchers who won 16 games last year—while losing 31. None of these will play much, however, which means that all the pressure is on the relatively young infield. First Baseman Clendenon not only fields and runs better than Stuart, but he fields and runs better than most first basemen in the majors. Shortstop Schofield has served by standing and waiting as a utility

man since he was 18. He has a better arm and is faster than Groat ever was, though Groat has no peer at positioning. And Third Baseman Bailey—he of the \$175,000 bonus—can already go to either side with agility. But at the plate no one is quite sure of any of the three. Clendenon has an impressive record of hitting consistency, but he strikes out too much for a man who hits the short ball. Schofield has hit well on the two big—but brief—occasions that he got a chance to play regularly. Overall, however, his season averages have not impressed (.229 lifetime in 494 games). Bailey enters the scene with a perfect temperament to handle the lavish praise he receives. "This boy," says Hall of Famer Pie Traynor, without blushing, "is certain to be one of the great hitters of all time." But since he is only two years out of high school, he is not likely to help the weak Pirate attack this year. And the Pirates will need hitting. If the new infield doesn't come through, the Pirates will look sick.

HITTING

Sounding like a brochure, Manager Danny Murtaugh says: "We attempt to form our attack around men who hit in a style conducive to success in the spacious dimensions of Forbes Field." Relieved of the onus of carrying a player who actually tried to hit home runs (Dick Stuart), the long ball will be strictly accidental in Pittsburgh this year. But short hitters abound. Roberto Clemente (.312), the majors' premier exponent of taking the first pitch, hits almost everything else. Bob Skinner and Catcher Smoky Burgess are also .300 line-drive men, and Burgess has no peer at pinch-hitting cold. Clendenon has always hit well (.302 last season as a part-timer) but will get his first full test this year. In his short history Bailey has shown an ability to improve as the season goes along. But it all adds up to only a lot of singles and that's seldom enough nowadays, spacious dimensions or not.

PITCHING

If each of 10 Pirate pitchers repeats his best year the team will win all its games. Actually, both the team and the pitchers may have trouble winning half of them. Newcomers Don Schwall (from the Red Sox) and Don Cardwell (from the Cards) are coming off losing seasons. Harvey Hadix and knuckle-balling Tom Sturdivant are getting old and will spend some time in the bullpen with fork-baller ElRoy Face. Another forkball specialist (though he mixes it with his fast one) is Joe Gibbon, who was injured most of last year. Bob Friend (18-14) will probably remain the ace of the staff, although Alvin McBean (15-10) and Earl Francis (9-8) may be ready to replace him. Rookie left-hander Bob Veale could be the best of them all, but he has the habit of one bad inning a game. If he makes the team this year, he will be used primarily in the bullpen. Vernon Law is undergoing a special program to

stretch his arm. If it fails and he has to endure the pain he did last year while pitching, he may decide to retire from the game.

FIELDING

On the Forbes Field infield, which is as hard as the Pennsylvania Turnpike and every bit as dangerous, fielding is a matter of survival. The new Pirate infielders should prove up to the challenge, however. Clendenon is a real improvement after Stuart, and his greater speed and interest in the field will make it possible for Bill Mazeroski to hang back a step or two. The league's best second baseman, Mazeroski has played with Schofield enough so that he anticipates no problems with the double play, a department in which the Pirates led the majors last year. In the outfield, Skinner is little more than adequate in left, but Bill Virdon is a top center fielder. Ragged Fielder Clemente has speed and as good an arm as anyone in baseball.

Already top-heavy in pitching, defense and singles hitters, Pittsburgh went for more of the same by trading off its veteran infielders. The moves may pay off someday—but not in 1963

CINCINNATI REDS

The pennant is up to the doctors

The face of Fred Hutchinson is probably the most interesting in all of baseball, but everyone knows it isn't a real face. No sir, not that face. Hutch's face was made from the baseball novels and dime pulps; it looks the way a baseball manager's face is supposed to look—craggy and mean and knowing. For most of this spring Hutch's face was happier than it had been in years. He was having a lot of real good days, and when he has good days he sometimes smiles two or three times. But on March 24 Hutchinson's smiles stopped and a lot of good days went out of the window. Bob Purkey (23-5), the Reds' best pitcher, injured his arm in an exhibition game. "I got sharp pains in my lower right shoulder and couldn't get any snap into my wrist," said Purkey. "I remember having this once before about eight years ago when I was with the Pirates, and they sent me out to New Orleans." The injury was in the back of the shoulder (in the posterior capsule), and Purkey's arm was, at least for

a while, "dead." Twice a day Purkey took treatments (right) and twice after the injury he was scheduled to throw, but the arm felt so bad that he wouldn't even try it, and Hutchinson certainly wouldn't push him. The chances are that Purkey—originally scheduled to pitch Opening Day—will miss several turns right at the beginning of the season, and this means that he will have to get himself in shape all over again if he is to become strong enough to pitch regularly. The loss of Purkey for any length of time hurts the Reds because Purkey is not only an excellent starter but a superb finisher (18 complete games out of 37 starts in 1962). Last year when Third Baseman Gene Freese broke his ankle, Cincinnati staggered at the start of the season and never fully recovered, even though they lost the pennant by only 3½ games. If Purkey's arm stays "dead" for very long, the Reds—perhaps the National League's strongest team before his injury—may find themselves dead all over again.

HITTING

Only the Yankees and the Giants hit for more total bases last season than the Reds. A large part of Cincinnati's power came from the bats of Frank Robinson, Vada Pinson and Gordy Coleman. In his seven seasons in the majors, Robinson has averaged 34 HRs and 101 RBIs, and his .624 slugging average in 1962 was the best in the league. Although Pinson's batting average dipped from .343 in 1961 to .292 last year, he did knock in 100 runs for the first time. Coleman, who missed two weeks late in the season because of an injury, still managed to hit 28 homers and bat in 86 runs. This year more power should come from the bat of 22-year-old rookie Tommy Harper, who comes off two exceptionally strong seasons in the minors. Sharing left field or punch-hitting, Wally Post and Jerry Lynch totaled 29 homers and 119 RBIs. Don Blasingame and Catcher Johnny Edwards don't hit the long ball very often, but

the two of them did raise their batting averages significantly last year (Blasingame up 50 points to .281, Edwards 68 points to .254). Leo Cardenas, in his first full season as a regular, showed surprising power (10 HRs, 60 RBIs) for a 150-pounder and batted .294. With a sound Freese (26 HRs, 87 RBIs in 1961), plus the flashy Harper, the Reds' batting attack could well be the best in the business.

PITCHING

Manager Hutchinson will have to do some fancy juggling until he gets a healthy Bob Purkey back on the mound. With Purkey and Joey Jay, the Reds have the most dependable one-two pitching punch in baseball (44-21 last year). The No. 3 starter, southpaw Jim O'Toole, stumbled around at the beginning of last season and could not duplicate his 19-9 record of 1961. Still, he finished strong, winning eight of his last 10 games, and wound up with 16 victories. Young

(22) fastballer Jim Maloney has the talent to improve on his 9-7 record last year and could be the Reds' fourth starter. Pushing him hard is 34-year-old Joe Nuxhall, who came back at the end of last season and won five games in a row. The bullpen, led by Jim Brosnan and Bill Henry (eight wins and 24 saves between them), has been strengthened by the addition of Jim Owens, the former problem child of the Phils.

FIELDING

The Reds will not blind you with fancy fielding but neither will they embarrass their pitchers too often. Blasingame at second and Cardenas at short have trouble making the double play. Otherwise, they are competent fielders. Coleman is not graceful at first, and neither is Freese at third. With Harper in left, the outfield shows real defensive class. Pinson ranks only behind Mays as a center fielder, while Robinson has good range in right.

The Reds have the stuff of a pennant winner: winning pitchers, strong hitters, reliable defense. But they also have the preseason miseries that struck them down last year





CHICAGO WHITE SOX

Change for the sake of change

Since 1959, when they became the only team in the last eight years to take a pennant from the New York Yankees, the Chicago White Sox have given away more players than any team in baseball. Pitchers Dick Donovan, Bob Shaw and Billy Pierce were traded. Catchers Earl Battey and John Romano are gone. Norm Cash, Luis Aparicio and Al Smith now perform for somebody else. In fact, the only men left from '59 are Jim Landis, Nellie Fox, Sammy Esposito and Sherm Lollar (shown at left with Manager Al Lopez).

The White Sox start the season with a lineup that hit only 45 home runs in 1962 and stole only 38 bases—and Go-Go White Sox teams of the past would laugh at that. Probably no pitching staff could carry such a ball club, and yet White Sox pitchers are asked to carry the added burden of 23 doubleheaders this season. The Detroit Tigers, by comparison, play 10. "We have found," says Ed Short, the general manager, "that 60% to 65% of our Sunday fans are from out of Chicago and they won't come to

Comiskey Park unless they feel they're getting a bargain."

Change in personnel and change in schedule are not the end of change in Chicago. "In 1959," says Lopez, "we went in for fielding and running, and we won a lot of one-run ball games. In 1960 we decided to go for power but it didn't work." Last year Smith led the team in homers (16) and was second in runs batted in, while Aparicio stole 31 bases. Both are with Baltimore now. Recently Smith charged that there was dissension on the White Sox in 1962. "As far as I know there is no dissension on this club," says Lopez, obviously happy to be rid of Smith and Aparicio and 1962 entirely. "We hope this year," says Lopez, "to finally start to build a team that has speed, power and defense. A balanced team."

If the entire Chicago White Sox organization can just forget change for the sake of change and stop lopping off every player who draws more than a dollar and a quarter in salary, this team might be balanced in a couple of years. Of late, the White Sox seem as frenetic as the Cubs uptown.

HITTING

There might be some hitting around here someplace but it's well hidden. Ron Hansen (.173), Dave Nicholson (.173) and rookie Pete Ward (.143 in eight games) came in the big trade with Baltimore, and all three may be regulars. Ward is supposed to be a good hitter and is counted on to add some power to the White Sox attack (22 HRs., .328 at Rochester). Lopez has had moves taken of Hansen and Nicholson to help prove to them that they have faulty swings. Nicholson once cost the Orioles \$100,000, but they never were able to teach him the location of the strike zone. Nellie Fox has tailed off in the last two years—not surprising in a man of 35. Jim Landis slipped to .228, and that is surprising for a man of 29. The White Sox still have high hopes for Mike Hershberger even though his .260 last year included only 20 extra-base hits. The only hitters of any consequence

on the team are regulars Joe Cunningham (.302 lifetime, but no power) and Floyd Robinson (.312, 109 RBIs).

PITCHING

Last year Ray Herbert stopped depending exclusively on his fast ball and added a changeup and a good curve. As a consequence, he became a 20-game winner for the first time. Juan Pizarro was supposed to be a 20-game winner last year but ended up 12-14. Manager Lopez still believes that Pizarro is one of the best left-handers in baseball. A torn shoulder muscle kept Joe Horlen off the mound for 2½ months, but he has gained an inch in height and put on weight—which should make him stronger and help lift his 7-6 record. Another disappointment was John Buzhardt (8-12, 4.20 ERA). Knuckleball pitcher Hoyt Wilhelm, 39, is with the White Sox this year and may still be effective in relief. "We haven't

had a great relief man since the days of Gerry Staley," says Lopez, "and I think that our whole team will gain confidence by just knowing that Wilhelm is in the bullpen." Chicago's best-looking rookie, Dave DeBusschere, might turn out to be a regular starter. The Sox did not want him to play pro basketball (with the Detroit Pistons), but DeBusschere wanted to, and that was that.

FIELDING

The White Sox will be strong defensively on the left side of the infield, with Ward at third and Hansen at short. The right side is no longer what it once was; Second Baseman Fox is aging fast and Cunningham is only adequate at first. The outfield has good overall speed when Robinson, Landis and Hershberger are playing. Catchers Sherm Lollar and Camilo Carreon will do a good job if they can handle Wilhelm's knuckle ball.

This year's theme for the White Sox is speed, power and defense—only the Sox have less speed, power and defense than last year. It looks like a long summer on the South Side

MINNESOTA TWINS

A righty would make things right

The Minnesota team was once the Washington team in not quite the same way that Istanbul was once Constantinople. In 1961 Minnesota looked exactly like Washington—old, tired, poor. In 1962, however, the Minnesota Twins were young, alert and rich and looked like true contenders for the American League pennant. Within the next two seasons the Twins could win an American League pennant—and maybe even two. Sam Mele, the thoughtful manager who takes batting practice with his team (to give it something to laugh at), says, "We have to be considered a strong club. The one thing we lack is another good right-handed starting pitcher to go with Camilo Pascual."

The Twins entered spring training with 12 of their 23 pitchers throwing left-handed, and this is imbalance of the wildest order. Three of Minnesota's four starters are left-handed—Jim Kaat, Jack Kralick and Dick Stigman—and thus the other teams can load their batting orders with right-handed hitters against them. "We have tried all winter long

to get a right-hander," says Club President Cal Griffith, "and we'll keep trying. If only we could get half a Pascual."

Camilo Pascual is considered an old man now at 29. "We play so good last year," he says. "I am just about useless for 34 days, and yet we only lose to the Yankees by five games. It used to be that when the ball was hit on the ground I'd close my eyes and try to figure if it would be a single, a double or a home run. But last year when the ball was hit on the ground I'd be happy because I knew that we had some players who could catch the ball. We have the good young left-handed pitchers, but if we could get another right-hander it would make things so much easier. There were days when those left-handers saw nothing but right-handed hitters marching up there. If we get the right-hander we finish real good. With another right-handed pitcher we surprise everyone even more than last year."

The Twins must get that right-hander to make things easier for themselves and harder for the rest of the league.

HITTING

Harmon Killebrew has averaged 41 homers and 108 RBIs in his four full seasons in the majors (see page 85), and, at 26, should just be approaching his prime. Bob Allison knocked in over 100 runs the past two seasons, scored 102 runs himself in 1962 and had a slugging percentage of .511. Lenny Green is underrated as a hitter (.271), and not many can move the bat around better. He also has the most speed of any player on the club. Rich Rollins batted .298 and knocked in 96 runs, while Bernie Allen proved to be a good late-inning hitter, although his average was only .269. Jim Lemon, out almost all of last year for surgery on his left shoulder, can be a valuable pinch hitter. In 1959 and 1960 he hit 71 homers and had 200 RBIs. Despite an off year, Earl Battey is still a feared long-ball man. Vic Power doesn't get many homers but he is a steady hitter (.290).

PITCHING

The Minnesota pitching staff produced more complete games (53) than any other American League team last year. Pascual (20-11) completed 18, and now that he realizes he no longer has to strike everyone out is a most effective pitcher. Kaat may look like Hiram Hayshaker but he won 18, lost 14 last season and is still only 24 years old. Kaat has a little trouble with hit batsmen, mostly right-handed ones; his curve ball breaks in low to a right-handed hitter and often catches him between the knee and ankle on the lead foot. Kaat hit 18 last year, many of them at bad times. Kralick completed four of his last eight starts and one of them was a no-hitter against Kansas City. He has a tendency to give up too many home runs (30) and his 12-11 record needs to be improved. Stigman, who came to the Twins in the same deal as Power, has a good fast ball and a roundhouse curve.

He was 9-3 after being converted into a starter on July 18. The relief pitching of Ray Moore, Billy Plets and Lee Stange is adequate.

FIELDING

The Twins have a solid, set infield that is the equal of any in the American League. Ancient Vic Power, at 31, puffs up the average age of the infield to 25. Nonetheless, he is still the flashiest first baseman in baseball. Shortstop Zero Versalles is starting his third season as the regular shortstop even though he is only 22. Versalles and Allen (23) are a fast double-play combination, and Rollins (24) is a good third baseman who has a little trouble fielding topped balls. Battey, the American League All-Star catcher, is unexcelled in handling pitchers. The outfield of Killebrew, Green and Allison is more noted for its hitting; only Green has outstanding defensive speed and ability.

With daring and dollars the Twins climbed to second in 1962. This year their infield is young and skilled, their outfield mature and powerful, their pitching strong. They have a chance



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CLEVELAND INDIANS

Wanted: the pride of the professional

There stands atop Cleveland Stadium an Indian 29 feet tall, all decked out in black and red and white. Early in each of the last three seasons the Cleveland team has stood equally as tall, leading the league in June and last year as late as July 7. As the seasons wore on, however, the Indians unfortunately fell from first place. No one knows why, although Manager Birdie Tebbetts offers an intriguing postulation on what has to be done to prevent a similar fate in 1963. "We have to build up our pride. What pride can you have when you fall from the league lead and end up sixth? It's not easy to gain pride. You don't say, 'Here, look at me, I'm proud,' after you've been clobbered." General Manager Gabe Paul adds another dimension. "Some teams learn to lose too graciously, and I say that one of the faults with this ball club last year was that it became satisfied with mediocrity. Perhaps this was a lack of pride. Early last year they looked in the mirror, I think, and they didn't believe how well they were doing. When they started losing [on

July 12 the Indians lost the first of nine straight games], it seemed as if they were willing to accept defeat. They never stopped trying, but something was missing and they couldn't bounce back. That's why we got Joe Adcock; he's been on pennant winners." This spring it was already evident that Adcock might be the leader the Indians have lacked for years, the teammate they can look up to in times of need. Players both young and old sought out Adcock for advice and criticism. Tebbetts, an experienced manager, was hired for similar reasons. Club officials speak of "immature managing" in recent years. They are also aware that the high turnover of managers (Tebbetts is the seventh in eight seasons) may have been damaging. "That," Paul explains, "is one reason why Birdie got a three-year contract. Our boys know he'll be around for a while." In summation, Tebbetts says, "You can't be proud of what you don't do. We have plenty of talent on this club. Now we have to add the pride, and that comes only by winning."

HITTING

Cleveland's hitting produced a lot of smoke last year, but that's about all. Whenever an Indian homered at home the scoreboard let loose a salvo of sky bombs and smoke. The Indians hit 180 home runs (a club record) but the team gave up more runs than it scored, and only the Mets had a worse batting average in the majors. Tito Francona's .272 was the best mark on the team, and no one ever led the club with a lower percentage. John Romano's 81 RBIs were the lowest for a Cleveland club leader since 1955. The team may get help from rookies Vic Davalillo (his .346 led the International League), Tony Martinez (.287, 72 RBIs for Jacksonville) and Max Alvis (.319, 25 HRs, 91 RBIs for Salt Lake City), and former National Leaguers Adcock (29 HRs for Milwaukee) and Fred Whitfield from the Cards. Willie Kirkland (21 HRs) and Gene Green (.280) are strong reserves.

PITCHING

Manager Tebbetts is trying everything. Despite an abundance of young, strong-armed pitchers, the staff was eighth in the AL with a 4.14 ERA. To prevent batters from reading pitches, Birdie has ordered his youngsters to keep the ball in their gloves until they begin their delivery. Why such talented right-handers as Barry Latman (8-13, 4.17 ERA), Gary Bell (10-9, 4.25 ERA) and Jim Perry (12-12, 4.13 ERA) have been unable to match their success of earlier years is one of the big Cleveland mysteries. So far, the only pitchers Tebbetts can count on are Jim (Mudcat) Grant, who appears set for a fine year after commuting from the Army most of 1962; Pedro Ramos, who during the final six weeks of 1962 was as effective as anyone in the league, and team leader Dick Donovan (20-10, 3.59 ERA). Sam McDowell, 20, lacks only maturity to be a winner.

FIELDING

Davalillo (23 and only 5 feet 7) is one of the most exciting players Cleveland has come up with in years. He is a graceful, speedy, bazooka-armed center fielder and should add greatly to the Indians' defense. The rest of the outfield, with Francona in left and Al Luplow in right, is adequate but that's about all. Outside of Adcock at first, the infield could be spectacular if the rookies make it so. Holdover Jerry Kindall's glove work around second has been the finest for Cleveland since the days of Nap Lajoie. Shortstop Martinez (22) ranges far and wide and augments his hustle with a strong arm. Alvis charges any ball that comes near third base, although his success doesn't always match his aggressiveness. If any of the rookies falter, Veteran Woodie Held, who plays third, short, second or the outfield equally well, will be ready to step back into a regular job.

Impressive rookies may button up the defense and add some hitting. But the Cleveland pitchers will find that they need more than their new hidden-ball technique to win games



NEW YORK YANKEES

Some hope for the rest of the league

In a Florida club called the Pride of Fort Lauderdale Elks Lodge, a petite young lady named Carrie Lee Raysor took dead aim on the New York Yankees' best relief pitcher, Marshall (Sheriff) Bridges, and shot him just below the left knee. Suddenly the Yankee bullpen, as Manager Ralph Houk put it recently, "offers the kind of opportunity we haven't had here in a long while." Yankee outfielders, infielders, catchers and starting pitchers still have names like Mantle, Richardson, Howard and Ford, and they are simply the best players around.

But in the bullpen the Yankees are most un-Yankeelike. They won a pennant and a championship last year in spite of, not because of, their relief pitching. The one man who could get the opposition out with consistency (for half a season, at least) was Bridges, and he is now trying to get himself in shape after missing most of spring training. Any rookie with the ability to place a lively fast ball where the

catcher wants it should find gainful employment on the Yankee varsity.

Right now the Yankees are looking to Jim Bouton to take up where Bridges left off last year and Luis Arroyo (*left*) the year before. "My, how Bouton can throw that ball," says Houk. "He acts like a relief pitcher," says Infielder Phil Linz. "Give him a tough situation and he gets that glint in his eye." But Bouton and his glint may not be enough. Of course, if Arroyo's tender elbow is strong again and he can regain the form that made him the best reliever in the game two years ago, the Yankees have no problem. The odds are against that, however, since Arroyo is 36 and relief men have a history of not coming back.

Meanwhile, Houk faces up to the job of readying the rest of his team for the 1963 World Series. He does it bravely, like a man who believes that no one in the league is going to beat him—with or without good relief pitching.

HITTING

As improbable as finding the Yankees in second place is seeing them without a crop of steady-eyed young men who can hit a baseball consistently and with great power. Alas, it's the same old story. Lead-off man Bobby Richardson hits a home run only once in a great while, but all his little hits amounted to 209 last year, more than anyone else in the league. Tony Kubek had a long hot spring to hone his batting eye this year and may end up as one of the top hitters in the league. Mickey Mantle, Roger Maris and Elston Howard are still the most terrifying middle-of-the-lineup hitters around. Sophomore or no, bet on Tom Tresh to push his fine .286 average and his 93 RBIs up to even more distinctive figures. Clete Boyer still lunges at the ball, but over the years he's learned to be effective enough with his strange style. Gone, of course, is Bill Skowron, traded to the Dodgers for Pitcher Stan Williams, and

the Yankees will miss his run production. Rushing to fill the breach is young Joe Pepitone. If anyone can do the job, this is the man—insists young Joe Pepitone. Such confidence is admirable, but Houk and the front office are reserving judgment. "The job's his," says the Yankee manager, "and it will be until he proves he can't do it." As for pinch hitters, few can match the likes of John Blanchard, Yogi Berra, Hector Lopez, Dale Long and Linz.

PITCHING

For those millions of fans who don't like the Yankees, the New York pitching situation makes delightful conversation. Starters Whitey Ford, Ralph Terry, Bill Stafford and the newly arrived Williams look just fine on paper, but on the field it may be a different matter. Ford showed signs of being merely mortal last year. At 34, he is no boy. Stafford pitched well enough, winning 14 games, but he

has been bothered with a sore arm. Williams showed signs of being a great one as recently as 1960, but 1962 was a bad year in spite of his 14 wins. His 4.45 ERA is not championship caliber. With two fine years back to back for Terry, it is hard to find fault here, and he has had a good spring. If this bunch shows signs of wear and tear, it is best to remember they were good enough to win the World Series last year.

FIELDING

It's the same strong defense for the Yankees. The third baseman (Boyer), the shortstop (Kubek) and the second baseman (Richardson) are, if not the best in the league, pretty close to it. Pepitone at first is the one Yankee who is not a standout at his position but he is adequate. Howard, of course, is one of the great catchers in the game and no one but a congenial Yankee hater could fault Tresh, Mantle and Maris in the outfield.

Despite the blue-chip quality of the Yankees, they are a little short on the mound. At least that is the hope that must sustain the nine other teams through an otherwise ominous year

BOSTON RED SOX

A trip out of town if he doesn't hit

Dick Stuart (*right*) has been accused of indifference, sullenness and poor fielding, yet Manager Johnny Pesky insists, "We'll probably sink or swim with him." As Pesky explains: "People say Stuart might drive us nuts, but he'll help us. I'm sure he'll do his best. He likes money. Ted Williams gave him a good line and told him what was expected of him." What the Red Sox hope is that Stuart will get off to a fast start, reversing the typical Boston slow starts of recent years. "Basically my trouble has been that I try to hit too many home runs," Stuart says. "I go on streaks where that's all I'll try for. When I'm not going well, I sit down and have a discussion with myself. I have several different batting stances, and I'll think about them and about what the pitchers have been throwing me. I'll give myself two or three weeks after the season starts to see how things are going. If I'm not doing well by then, I'll sit down and have a talk." Boston writers and officials

fear that, unless he gets off to a decent start, Stuart will be subject to an even more unmerciful booing than he received in Pittsburgh. "There's very little foul territory in Boston, so that puts the fans close to the playing field, where they can really razz him," says Larry Claflin of the *Boston Record-American*. "They'll drive him out of town if he doesn't hit." Boston fans will have to become accustomed to Stuart's nonchalance and lackadaisical fielding. As a Boston pitcher said, "Dick's not as bad a fielder as they say—he's worse." Pitcher Dick Radatz was warned, "Your arm won't wear out, but your legs might from covering first base." Last spring Stuart often refused to go after ground balls that were a trifle out of his reach in fielding practice. Thus far, Stuart's Boston teammates and his new manager have tolerated him. They are all waiting to see what happens during the early weeks. A good start for Stuart would likely mean a higher finish for the Red Sox—and vice versa.

HITTING

Last year the Red Sox batted a respectable .258, fourth-best in the league. But, when it came to home runs, they were a shaky sixth. Even with their short left-field line at Fenway Park the team hit fewer homers in Boston (72) than on the road (74). Manager Pesky, in an effort to get more right-handed power in the lineup, obtained Stuart (.228, 16 HRs, 64 RBIs) from Pittsburgh and Roman Mejias (.286, 24 HRs, 76 RBIs) from Houston. If the Red Sox got the Stuart who hit 35 homers and batted .301 in 1961, and if they got the Mejias who hit 19 home runs in his first 65 games last year rather than the one who had five in his final 81 games, they will be well set. Carl Yastrzemski looks as if he will be one of the finest batters in the majors (.296, 19 HRs, 94 RBIs). There was a difference of night and day, however, in some of the others. Chuck Schilling (.230) hit only .202 in daylight and .273 at night, Lou Clinton

(.294, 18 HRs) batted 47 points higher in the evening than he did in the daytime, and Frank Malzone (.283, 21 HRs, 95 RBIs) was far better in the afternoon (.300) than at night (.258). Eddie Bressoud had yet another problem—left-handers. Against right-handers he hit .299, left-handers .208. What's needed is consistency.

PITCHING

Unless someone comes through this season, 1963 will mark the 10th year since Boston has had a 20-game winner (Mel Parnell). Three pitchers are capable of ending the drought, however. Bill Monbouquette (15-13, 3.33 ERA) appears to be the best bet. Gene Conley (15-14, 3.94 ERA), who does not seem to get weary after playing basketball for the New York Knicks all winter, and Earl Wilson (12-8, 3.90 ERA), who needs to sharpen his control, are the other two. Since he is the only experienced left-hander in town, Boston plans to use Chet Nichols

(3.00 ERA in relief last year) as a fourth starter. The rest of the Red Sox pitching staff is an unknown quantity; only Kansas City had a worse ERA in the AL last year. Dick Radatz (9-6, 2.23 ERA and 144 strikeouts in 125 innings), the league's best reliever, will need all the help he can get in the bullpen. Jack Lamabe (3-1, 2.88 ERA at Pittsburgh) appears capable of providing it.

FIELDING

Plans to convert Yastrzemski into a center fielder have been abandoned: he is too expert at playing the billiard-like caroms off Fenway Park's left-field wall. It is also felt that Mejias, who has good speed but was the worst outfielder in the NL last year, will actually have less trouble in center than he would in left. Bressoud, the team's best shortstop in a decade, and Schilling excel on the double play. Malzone has slowed down around third but is still a respectable fielder.

For Boston, with its short left field, home is where the home run should be hit. Stuart and Mejias may hit them, but the pitchers won't be able to stop opponents from doing the same



WASHINGTON SENATORS

And things could get much worse

Stanley Raymond (Bucky) Harris was hired by the Senators this winter to "evaluate players at the major league level." His new assignment is not one to envy, however. To say that the Washington players are on a major league level is stretching the point. Nor to be envied is Manager Mickey Vernon, whose most lofty thought at this point is ninth place. "Only one player is set in our infield," General Manager George Selkirk pointed out last winter. "That's Rogelio Alvarez at first base." Alvarez, obtained from Cincinnati, has had exactly 17 games in the big leagues and he hit .222 in 14 of them last season, which gives some indication of how bad the Senators' infield is. But if one were to think

that things couldn't get much worse in Washington, one would be wrong. The Senators' one set player returned to his native Cuba before spring training, and hasn't come out. There's not much call for first basemen in Cuba these days and presumably Alvarez is doing something more constructive—like cutting cane.

If the players returning from last year do not hold strong major league credentials, the young ones carry less. For this, Vernon can thank ex-General, ex-Washington President Elwood R. (Pete) Quesada, who spent his time keeping nonconsents out of his private elevator at the District of Columbia Stadium and issuing terse, militarylike directives. *There was, for instance, the one issued to scouts stating that no player would be signed for more than \$2,000 without President Quesada's personal approval.* What the Senators have as a consequence are a lot of young players who would have trouble finding a place on the Mets' farm club. Quesada, in a published three-part *Report to the Fans*, insists he spent \$1,263,000 on young talent, a figure that "astonishes" ex-General Manager Ed Doherty. "I guess the general must have included the cost of farms, working agreement fees and spring training," he said. Now Quesada is gone, and new Board Chairman James M. Johnston has promised millions for good new players. Even more important, Johnston describes himself and his fellow stockholders as "fans who would let professional baseball men run things." Meanwhile, the damage has been done for the season.

HITTING

"We need to spruce up our hitting," says Manager Vernon. He is correct on that point; any team that scores fewer runs than Washington may not score at all. The Senators had little to offer last year and, in a most perplexing bit of negotiation, traded one of their few capable hitters, Bob Johnson (.288 with 12 home runs), to Baltimore. "Johnson didn't hit with men on base," explained Vernon—which really didn't answer the question, since the only other player to hit in any situation was Chuck Hinton, a legitimate .300 hitter who threw in a welcome home run now and again. Jim Piersall came to Washington last year sporting a .322 average and promptly sagged to .244. But Piersall is a better hitter than that, and any little extra he can contribute will be welcome. Second-year Catcher Ken Retzer hit respectably, if not awesomely, and will be right in the middle of the Senators' lineup.

PITCHING

Here at least, the Senators approach major league standards. Don Rudolph, Tom Cheney, who struck out 21 batters in a 16-inning game last year, Dave Stenhouse, who was perhaps the best pitcher in the league for the first half of last season, and young Claude Osteen make a good starting corps. And the Senators need not be embarrassed by calling to their bullpen. Left-hander Steve Hamilton lost much more than he won last year (3-8) but he's 6 feet 7 and strong enough to reverse the figures. Jim Hannan throws hard and doesn't frighten easily—excellent credentials for a relief pitcher. Bennie Daniels will start and take a turn in relief.

FIELDING

Piersall, Hinton and Don Lock will make the good Senator pitching look even better when balls are hit to the outfield. But balls hit on the ground will make things wildly exciting for

Washington fans. When Vernon mentioned that Mary Breeding, who came from Baltimore in the Johnson deal, may be used at either third, short or second, one Washington newspaper joyously exclaimed: "Senator to try Breeding at three positions." Dick Phillips, a professional minor league practitioner, can play seven positions and once did so in a single game. He may even end up at third. Another third-base candidate, John Schaive, turned an ankle in spring training and said modestly: "There goes the pennant." Ed Brinkman, 21, won the shortstop job in spring training despite a .165 batting average last season. Chuck Cottier is perfectly adequate at second base, but he doesn't hit enough. The big surprise this spring has been Maryland's football star, Tom Brown, Green Bay's No. 2 draft choice. Used in desperation at first base when Alvarez disappeared into Cuba, Brown has been switch-hitting well and fielding sensationally.

Washington's owners promise a new deal: millions for talent and no meddling on the field. But salvation comes too late this year to help the weakest-hitting team in the major leagues

BALTIMORE ORIOLES

The bright young men must come of age

Where the girls were is where too many of the Orioles could be found last season and, instead of going about the job of battling the Yankees for the American League pennant, Baltimore's good-looking and brash young men acted more like gay blades on the Via Veneto. Seventh place came as a shock. Yet Oriole credentials were sound. The pitching was the envy of two leagues. There were big, strapping fellows to carom balls off American League fences. Racing around the outfield were men who could run like impalas. Gone was skilled but dour Paul Richards, and into the breach stepped Billy Hitchcock, a more relaxed, sympathetic leader. Hitchcock, however, made the devastating mistake of treating the

young Orioles as adults. "No curfew," he proclaimed last spring and the reaction was a prompt "whoopie." Calling a belated meeting to announce a get-tough policy early in the season, Hitchcock was interrupted by a clear, loud voice shouting an obscenity at him from the back of the room. End of meeting. When Hitchcock told Milt Pappas to take a turn in the bullpen, the highly paid pitcher said, "Go to hell," stormed out of the dressing room and held court in the press box. When brilliant Chuck Estrada began losing twice as often as he won, he took to racing around in his flashy convertible until the small hours. Jim Gentile and Jackie Brandt, outstanding players the year before, decided that they couldn't be bothered running out ground balls.

This spring Hitchcock promised things would be different. "There will be a curfew," he proclaimed. And just to show that the Orioles really mean business, General Manager Lee MacPhail has supplied Hitchcock with ex-Marine Hank Bauer as a coach. Presumably, Bauer comes as a sort of John the Baptist, crying, "Repent, the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Coming out of Bauer, however, it's likely to sound more like "Repent or I'll knock you through the clubhouse wall." The thought of one of the young Orioles telling Bauer to "go to hell" is frightening. "Professional baseball is your business," said Hitchcock to his players this spring. "and we expect you to view it as such." With Hank Bauer nodding vigorous assent, there were no obscene calls this time from the back of the dressing room. There better not be.

HITTING

The Orioles had the hitters last year, but they didn't hit. Still, the potential is there, and more runs figure to come from Al Smith and Luis Aparicio, both obtained from the White Sox. "I feel very strong," said Smith after ripping a drive over the wall. "I feel very happy," said Aparicio, contemplating his \$43,000 contract. The mountain called Boog Powell that the Orioles have in left field has had a year to study major league pitching, and he has awesome power. So does Gentile, who by blasting the ball the way he did in 1961 could be the superstar needed to hold up a pennant winner. Jerry Adair started miserably last year, then came on in a rush to hit .284. He's set at the position he likes best and could nudge .300 this season. Brandt, known as Flakiey all around the majors, is a gifted hitter when he isn't trying to convince the world he is stark, raving mad, and he has good speed. Brooks Robinson was

the solid man last year, hitting .303 and 23 home runs (over half of them in huge Memorial Stadium), and Russ Snyder also hit often (.305), if not with great power.

PITCHING

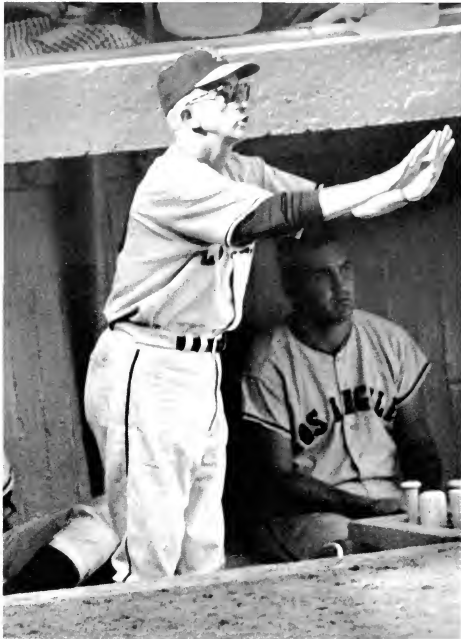
Pitching was supposed to be the strong point last season but the young stars had bad years. Steve Barber had a full spring to make ready for the season this time, plus the ability to be the best left-hander in the league. Pappas, although a problem boy, impresses everyone. "The pitchers will do a lot of running this spring," promised Hitchcock, but when the hot Florida sun came on as advertised Pappas suddenly recalled an old knee injury and didn't run at all. Estrada still wears his hat at a slant—the better for the girls to see his curly hair—but he throws awfully hard. Barber, Pappas and Estrada could be the best starting trio in the business. Robin Roberts decided junk wasn't so bad

after all and he'll be a solid fourth man. The Orioles will miss relief specialist Hoyt Wilhelm, traded away to the White Sox, but little Stu Miller could frustrate the AL batters with his slow, slow curves.

FIELDING

When Brandt and Snyder play in the same outfield, most fly balls will be caught, but when Powell and Senechare playing a lot of them won't. "The opposition will have to poke it hard to get a ball through the left side of our infield," points out Hitchcock and he's dead right. With Robinson at third and Aparicio at shortstop there will be no gifts. A few squib has may work their way through the right side, but Adair and Gentile handle second and first well enough. "Dick Brown is a good catcher," says Hitchcock, and that's the reason they traded Gus Triandos for him. It should be a relief for the young pitchers not to pitch to surly old Gus this year.

The Baltimore playboys had fun everywhere last year but on the field. Now strengthened by trades, the Orioles will make a strong run for the pennant if everyone tends to business



LOS ANGELES ANGELS

A happy mood that needs a harness

The Angels' prime asset is their frisky, younger-than-spring-time attitude; yet the handling of this heady ingredient will be one of Manager Bill Rigney's (left) most challenging tasks. The team likes to call itself "the loosest club in baseball," but it is possible to get so loose that you fall down. This wouldn't be the first collapse in Chavez Ravine—the other was for a different reason—but overconfidence is a volatile commodity. As Dean Chance noted, "We hit one real low spot last year. It was right after we had gone into first place by beating Washington on July 4." If there was any time during the season when the team should have taken command it was at that moment. "But then Rig had to leave us for a few days because his father died. It wasn't the same without him and we lost three in a row to Boston, of all teams." When the boss came back to exert a little discipline, the Angels beat the Yankees two out of three. As Leon Wagner put it, "Our manager always tells us not to be overconfident. When we played Kansas City and Wash-

ington sometimes we'd sort of feel they wouldn't be any competition." It was Wagner, as much as anyone, who infused the Angels with their relaxed and confident personality. "With the Giants in '58 I got used to pressure because we were fighting for a pennant," Daddy Wags explains. "When the Angels brought me up in '61, I found this club under a different pressure of trying to prove they weren't misfits. Then we found we could relax just by talking in the clubhouse, and soon we carried it out on the field. Lots of times, man, we'd be in a tight game and the other team would be all tense and we'd be laughing and keeping loose." All of which causes Bo Belinsky to comment, "Yah, that spirit and that kind of stuff was fine last year. It's good to have a happy-go-lucky attitude, but this year I'd rather have that money attitude."

Rigney respects the confidence of his team. Last year he helped build it and sustain it. This year he will have to harness the happy mood and help his team handle it properly.

HITTING

Last year the Angels were eighth in the league in slugging, scored only 12 more runs than their opposition and did not possess a .300 batter. But they hit well in the clutch and turned up five players with 60 or more RBIs. The "money hitters"—Lee Thomas (26 HRs, 104 RBIs), Wagner (37 HRs, 107 RBIs), Billy Moran (17 HRs, 74 RBIs) and Albie Pearson (the league leader in runs with 115)—are all left-handed except Moran. This season they will be aided by Ken Hunt, a right-handed-hitting outfielder who led the team in RBIs in 1961 but was sidelined most of 1962 with a shoulder injury.

PITCHING

Two years ago no staff in the league gave up more homers (180), and only one had a worse ERA. Last season no team allowed fewer home runs (118), and only one had a better ERA. Dean

Chance (14–10), who as a rookie last year didn't become a starter until the second half of the season, suddenly learned control and finished with the fourth best ERA in the league (2.96). Sinkerman Ken McBride is recovered from a cracked rib that kept him out for two months after he had won 10 of his last 11 games. Don Lee, 8–8 with a 3.11 ERA after being obtained from the Twins, is another starter. The only left-handed starting pitcher is Belinsky, dubbed Seabiscuit by Manager Rigney. He has promised not to horse around this year and to attempt to get his varied assortment of pitches closer to the strike zone. Bob Turley, late of the Yankees, impressed Rigney this spring and will be used in spots. Forty-year-old Art Fowler, control specialist Tom Morgan, lefty Jack Spring and possibly Ron Moeller and Dan Osinski make up one of the strongest bullpens in the majors (43 saves in 1962).

FIELDING

Lee Thomas plays first base like a converted outfielder (which he is), and Joe Koppe and Felix Torres have a tendency to wave at ground balls on the left side of the infield. All this contributed to a team total of 175 errors and 104 unearned runs, worst in the league in both cases. Nonetheless, there is hope. Jim Fregosi probably will take over at shortstop. He tends to rush his throws and he could be better going to his left, but he is young (21) and has good instincts. Tom Seatrano (22) has good moves and hands as fast as a card sharp's—which may help him nudge Torres off third base. Moran makes up for what he lacks in range by playing the hitters expertly around second base. At 24, Catcher Bob Rodgers is still learning, but he already handles his glove and pitchers with unusual maturity. In the outfield Hunt, Pearson and Wagner are sometimes brilliant, rarely sloppy.

The freewheeling Angels were the most delightful surprise in baseball last year. Bubbling with optimism, they head into a season that may produce a less happy form of astonishment

DETROIT TIGERS

Four outs an inning are one too many

The Tigers' big problem is the double play—or the lack of it. Last year Detroit was a bad 20th in double plays in the majors. Nothing is more difficult for a pitcher than getting a batter to hit the ball on the ground with men on base. Once the pitcher does that, his work should be done four times out of five. When a Tiger pitcher sees the ball on the ground, however, he shudders. "I saw one game last year," says Charlie Gehringer, the onetime great second baseman of the Tigers, "where the pitcher got three different batters to hit the double-play ball in one inning. Not once did our infield make the double play. We lost the ball game. We should not have lost it and yet, if you can't make the double play, you deserve to lose ball games. It murders a pitcher to see one blown. He gets disgusted and begins to feel that he has to do everything himself. If a pitcher starts to think like that he makes mistakes and loses ball games."

This spring Gehringer was at the Tigers' training camp in Lakeland, Fla. hoping to resolve the problem. Thousands of balls were hit to Shortstop Chico Fernandez and Second Baseman Dick McAuliffe (right). But even though the two infielders were working, the double play wasn't. Fernandez plays his position too deep and relies too much on his arm. He has trouble charging ground balls. When he goes to second base to take the throw, he looks like a crow walking. McAuliffe has hideous trouble making the pivot. The general effect is that of two elephants in a chorus line.

"I don't know how many chances we had last season to make the double play," says Manager Bob Scheffing. "All I know is we messed them up too many times. This problem is a serious one for us and, to tell you the truth, we pray a lot." Neither the Detroit Tigers—nor any other team—can afford to give the opposition four outs an inning.

HITTING

Detroit had good home run power last season (a league-leading 209), but it didn't mean a thing. The team scored 83 fewer runs than the previous year and had 129 fewer hits (led AL in 1961, ninth in 1962). Norm Cash, the team's chief offender, fell off 118 points from a league-leading 361 and dropped 43 RBIs. Al Kaline hit 29 home runs in 100 games last year, a career high, but missed a third of the season with a broken collarbone. Despite a drop in run production, Rocky Colavito hit well with men on base (37 HRs, 112 RBIs). Fernandez and McAuliffe don't scare anyone at bat, although Fernandez showed surprising power with 20 homers, more than his total in six previous major league seasons. The Tigers did add some hitting power to the infield by picking up Bubba Phillips from Cleveland. Everyone in Detroit is counting heavily on Gus Triandos. Triandos was unhappy in Baltimore last year and, even though he certainly will not hit

for average (.248 lifetime), he can knock in runs. Bill Bruton (.278) gives the Tigers what little speed they have, and he is one of the best men in the league at advancing a runner.

PITCHING

The Tiger pitching staff needs only a sound Frank Lary to make it one of the best in the AL. Lary injured his arm pitching on a cold day early last spring and slipped from a 23-9 record in 1961 to a 2-6 record in 1962. The loss of Lary, even more than the loss of Kaline, was responsible for the Tigers' dip from second to fourth. Lary now feels his arm is strong again and, for Detroit, it has to be. The importance of Lary becomes crucial when the Tigers play New York, for he holds a 28-11 lifetime record against the Yanks. Hank Aguirre became a starter in May last year and proved to be a good one (16-8 and a league-leading 2.21 ERA). Aguirre, too, can beat the Yankees (3-1 vs. New York in 1962). Lanky Jim Bunning can't beat

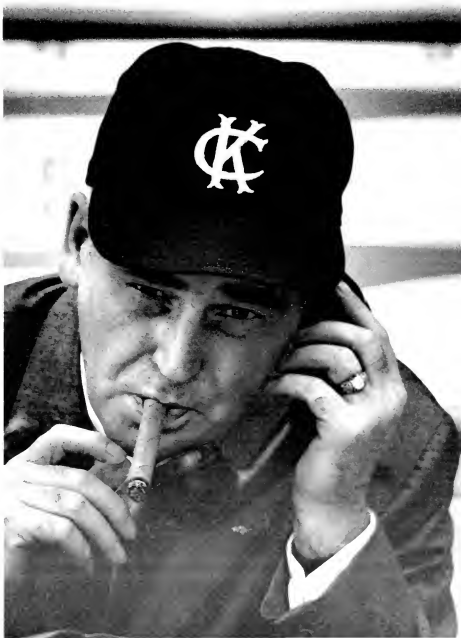
the Yankees but he does all right with the rest of the league (19-10). You can throw out left-hander Don Mossi's 11-13 record in evaluating his worth to the team. Six of his losses were by one run. As a short-relief man, Terry Fox is unexcelled (15 saves, 1.71 ERA).

FIELDING

Detroit has a good argument for considering its outfield the best in the majors, despite what the Yankees may tell you. Colavito, Bruton and Kaline all have good arms and Kaline and Bruton are exceptional fielders. Colavito, although slow, catches nearly everything hit his way. Triandos still is one of the AL's best catchers and will not have to contend with as many knuckle balls as he did in Baltimore. The infield, however, is a problem. Fernandez and McAuliffe made 50 errors between them last year. There is hope at the corners with Cash at first and Phillips at third. Both are solid, dependable glovemen.

Assuming Frank Lary's arm is in shape, the Tigers have just about everything to challenge the Yankees except a sound double-play combination. Lack of it could nullify any threat





KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS

Giving it all for love or money

At the time that he says it Charles O. Finley means what he says. Right now the Athletics' owner (*left*) says that he is once again in love with Kansas City. But the often spurned city is not having any. For the second year in a row fewer than 2,500 season tickets have been sold, and this year the skepticism of A's fans came in the face of a whole winter of promotional razzmatazz. The hoopla will reach a well-advertised peak at the opening game, when the Athletics will burst forth in their new uniforms of green and "soft gold."

But after that gaudy entrance, the baseball destiny of the A's—as well as the baseball destiny of Charles O. Finley—will fall out of Finley's hands and into those of Manager Eddie Lopat, his coaches and players, and the paying customers of Kansas City. For the first time Finley needs Kansas City more than it needs him. Finley is a rich man, but his resources are not limitless. The A's have lost \$1,479,000 in

undiluted Finley cash (according to Finley) over the last two years, and they figure to lose more. The first economy measure was taken when the A's cut their scouting staff drastically—from 17 to 11. The move could be the start of the whirlpool that has dragged down so many other desperate, losing franchises: few players, few fans, little money—economize; so, fewer players, fewer fans, less money—end of franchise. The fans themselves can hardly be blamed. They have never had a first-division team, much less a contender, since the A's were wished on them eight years ago. The stadium is inadequate. Any seats after the first 20,000 are taken are poor ones. Attendance was down to a new low of 635,675 in 1962. Gimmicks will not restore the attendance to its old heights (1,393,054 in 1955). The only thing that can save the A's is a winning team. And now that is about the only thing that can save Charles O. Finley,

HITTING

The ninth-place Athletics didn't see the best of everyone's pitching last season and, perhaps as a result, the team hit .263, second only to the Yankees. They were also the only team in the league with three 300 hitters. One of them—and they're all left-handed—was Norm Siebern (.308, 25 HRs, 117 RBIs), who has become a star since leaving the Yankees. Jerry Lumpe (.301, 83 RBIs) has increased both his average and his RBIs each of the four years he has spent in exile from the Yankees. Manny Jimenez, a rookie last season, led the league for months before he got tured and tailed off to .301. Another 1962 rookie, Ed Charles, writes poetry and bats right-handed with power (17 HRs, 74 RBIs and .288 BA). Chuck Essegian, obtained from Cleveland, doesn't write poetry but he does bat with right-handed power (21 HRs), albeit in streaks. Good-field, no-hit journeyman Gino Cimoli did hit last year (.275) when given the chance to

play, and he has a starting job as long as he can keep it up. Dick Howser—injured most of last season—adds lead-off muscle to the attack and boosts the RBI totals of the other players. He could very well lead the league in stolen bases. The A's also have little Jose Tartabull, the prototype of singles hitters.

PITCHING

This time last year Kansas City's pitchers were a bunch of anonymous unfortunates bound together by statistical despair. But now, a year later, pitching-coach-turned-manager Lopat begins with a staff that has some first-rate credentials. If his pitchers continue to develop—six of them, who won a total of four major league games in 1961, won 53 last year—the A's could move up. Missing, for sure, is only the kind of strength that Lopat himself used to provide—left-handed. Ted Bowsfield, obtained from L.A. in the abortive Bo Belinsky deal, is the lone southpaw. For other starters,

Lopat has three young men with hummers—Ed Rakow (14-17), Don Pfister (4-14) and Diego Segui (8-5). He also has Orlando Pena (6-4, 3.60 ERA), wisecracker and heavier, and Screwballer Dave Wickersham (11-4).

FIELDING

The KC infield heads the team's defense. Shortstop Howser and Second Baseman Lumpe form a solid double-play tandem. And neither First Baseman Siebern nor Third Baseman Charles lacks much at the corners. In the outfield, Cimoli and Bobby Del Greco still have good range and arms, but with Jimenez and Essegian the A's lead the majors in defenseless left-fielders. Tartabull will join Del Greco and Cimoli in the outfield whenever the A's want to protect themselves or show off defensively. Behind the plate, neither Haywood Sullivan nor Joe Azcue offers much in the way of choice or solace. Azcue, at least, has an excellent arm, but lets too many pitches get by him.

With or without anybody in the stands, the gaudily dressed A's have a chance to rise higher than any former KC team, but only if last year's staff of "Who's he?" pitchers keeps improving



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It is becoming baseball's best-known little-known fact that Harmon Killebrew of the Minnesota Twins (see cover) is challenging Babe Ruth's lifetime home-run average. Not Mays, Mantle, Mays or Colavito, but Killebrew, and he is challenging briskly. The average is derived from the number of homers per times at bat (Ruth's average was 11.8; Killebrew's is 13.1), and Mantle, Colavito and Mays are fifth, sixth and 13th, respectively, behind Ruth. For those who like their figures absolute rather than relative, there is the fact that since he became a big-league regular four years ago Killebrew has hit 167 home runs. Colavito is second with 159, Mantle follows with 155 and Mays with 149. (The fan of the absolute figure may also ponder the fact that Harmon led the American League in strikeouts last year, with 142.)

In all the late hullabaloo over the single-season home-run record, Killebrew's steady attack on the ultimate average has gone—if not unnoticed—at least unsung, or at the very least not sung in a loud voice. One cynic has said that you have to be a New York ball-player with New York press coverage before anybody knows what you're doing. But in any city Harmon Clayton Killebrew would have an almost infinite capacity for not causing a stir. In 1959 Killebrew was nicknamed "Killer" by desperate sportswriters—sportswriters who also have come up with "Charmin' Harmon," "Harmin' Harmon," and "Bombin' Harmon," depending on the circumstances. The term Killer eventually died of its own silliness, and from being good-naturedly abused by Harmon's teammates. You can't look an abstraction of amiability in the eye and call it Killer, day after day, no matter how hard it hits. But the name persists in some newspapers, and this may be because reporters trying to make colorful and intimate copy out of Harmon have discovered that he is a killer indeed. What makes a reporter happy is someone with a facial tic, conversational peculiarities, a hobby involving off-season archaeology or perhaps an acquittal in the dim past for the murder of an aunt. And Harmon Killebrew is a sensible, good-tempered man who loves his wife and children and has no cunious hobbies. ("Come on, Harm. You must have some unusual hobby.") "Just washing the dishes, I guess," says Harmon, trying to help.)



Robert Schuchman

OUT OF THE PARK ON A HALF SWING

Minnesota's Harmon Killebrew, the loudest bet and quietest mouth in baseball, goes doggedly about the business of leading the major leagues in home run production and ice cream consumption

by BARBARA HEILMAN

The result is that only the basic facts of Killebrew's career are well known. He was "discovered" by the late Senator Herman Welker of Idaho and scouted by the Senators' Ossie Bluege, when he was 17 and playing semiprofessionally in the spring of 1954. He responded magnificently to Bluege's scrutiny, with four homers, three triples and five singles in 12 times at bat. He was signed for \$30,000 by the Senators' Clark Griffith, thus becoming the Senators' first bonus baby, a distinction that gave him the chance to sit on the bench for two years. There followed three years in the minors,

and in 1959 he came to Washington for good, forming, along with Jim Lemon, Roy Sievers and Bob Allison, a new version of "Murderers' Row." A bunch of hitters anybody could call Murderers' Row was something Washington never expected to call its own. The Senators picked up, attendance picked up, Killebrew's spirits picked up. He drove in 105 runs and tied Rocky Colavito for the American League home-run championship with 42.

In 1960 what may be called the Killebrew split season really manifested itself. In 1959 Harmon didn't homer once in

continued



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24 exhibition games, but hit 42 during the season. In 1960 he slumped through the first half of the season, turning in four homers; in the second half he came through with 27 home runs for a total of 31. In 1961 the season split the other way. He started strong and slumped late, but finished with an even gaudier 46 homers. In 1962 the slump reversed itself again, but when it was all over the home runs added up to 48, the RBIs to 126, and Killebrew was the American League home-run champion.

But there is more to playing baseball than hitting or not hitting home runs. There is always the other half of the inning, and a major problem it has been for Harmon Killebrew. He came from high school to the Washington Senators as a shortstop, and the Senators tried him there—for about 20 minutes. From shortstop to second to third to first; nothing made anybody very happy. "I just wasn't built for shortstop," Killebrew says now. "I didn't have the range for it. At the time Eddie Yost was playing third and they didn't need me there, but I wasn't particularly good at second base. Wasn't built for that, either." (Harmon is square. He's 5 feet 11 inches, 213 pounds, and square. "Harmon's legs are short from the knee to the waist," Twin Physician Bill Proffitt says, but the fact is, his legs are short from the waist to the ground. Harmon's shoulders and torso would require peculiarly long legs to make him look anything but square.)

"Well, finally I spent several years at third, and that was the place I felt most at home, but then in 1960 I was injured and Reno Bertoia came in." Where Bertoia came in to, of course, was third base. "When I was ready again they put me at first. I liked the position." Harmon sounded a little wistful. "But I kind of jumped back from first to third and was kind of in a mess. In the minor leagues I'd played a few games in the outfield. I played some in left and right in Chattanooga, and I kind of knew my way around." The Twins put Harmon in left field where, according to a rather obscure statement by Herb Heft, the Twins' PR man, "He did a lot better than anyone expected."

Killebrew began spring training in left field this year, the first time he has ever known so early where he would play. He is not particularly agile and not particu-

larly fast, but his arm is sufficient and his hands are good. He is an earnest and adequate outfielder, and his peregrinations around the infield are over.

It has been a long shakedown process, and back near the beginning of it there wasn't too much joy in Washington about Mr. Griffith's bonus baby. Griffith had not spent any fluorescent \$50,000 as was reported, but he had spent \$30,000, and there was certainly some pressure on the very young Harmon to look like \$30,000 worth.

Bucky Harris was managing the Senators at the time, and he has been described as "very in with the press; though they didn't often quote him, what he said became their opinion." The opinion of Bucky Harris, thus made ubiquitous, seems to have been doubt that the acquisition of young Killebrew was going to be worth it. Harmon was depressing everybody at shortstop, and soon the question was, was Killebrew going to be a bust?

A nice position to be in—to be a boy with a single gift, not allowed to cultivate it or a supplementary strength for two years, with a batch of sportswriters sitting around waiting for you to look like an unprecedented \$30,000, if not a mythical \$50,000. The sportswriters were not kind.

In 1958, in a game with Kansas City, Harmon was playing third. Calvin Griffith, now the Senators' owner, had told Cookie Lavagetto, the Senators' manager, that he wanted Killebrew to play, and Eddie Yost had been left in training camp. There were two outs, Hal Smith was running toward Killebrew from second, and shortstop Rocky Bridges yelled at Harmon to tag him. Bridges was a respected veteran, and Harmon tried to tag Smith but Smith got by. Both runners were safe, and Kansas City went on to win the game. The next day a Washington paper said that Eddie Yost had won back his third-base job while sitting in Orlando. They played it up in the headline and, all in all, it was a pretty tough article to take. Bridges went to the writer and tried to take the rap, explaining that he had intruded on the play. But there was nothing to be done. Harmon had to swallow hard and get it down, but some observers said the incident knocked him out for the season, and conceivably it has had something to do with his rather fatalistic attitude toward the press. So, also, may the fact that of the few even moderately personal bits about Harmon in the press

continued



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over the last few years, many have been inaccurate. For example, the story that his paternal grandfather, Harmon Clayton Killebrew, was the strongest man in the Illinois regiment of the Union Army has been seized upon by innumerable newspapers and magazines, and has run for two years in the Twins' own yearbook. But Harmon's grandfather's name was Culver Killebrew. "Harm," Herb Heft said when somebody pointed it out, "is the yearbook really wrong?" "Been wrong for two years," said Harmon, who had never bothered to tell anyone.

It is certain that Harmon was born June 29, 1936 in Payette, Idaho, fourth child and third son of Katherine May and Harmon Clayton Killebrew. His father, who was at that time a house painter by profession and something of a painter in oils for amusement, had wrestled a little and had played football at West Virginia under Greasy Neale. He took an active interest in Harmon's athletic endeavors until he died, when Harmon was 16.

Harmon began playing golf in high school, played basketball and a lot of football, along with some baseball. He was called Killie then. He graduated from Payette High, in a class of 54 students—"You know the top 10? I was 11th"—and in 1955 he married Elaine Roberts, who had been his girl there since Junior High. They have three children now, Cameron, Kenneth and a little girl, Shawn, who is newly one year old, and they have moved from Payette to Ontario, Ore. "As far as the house is concerned," says Harmon, plunging into a classic Killebrew description, "it's just a house. We have a place outside of town—it's about two acres. A lot of flowers and a pasture for the horse (Elaine's sister's pony, which is visiting), and I don't know what to tell you. It's a house.

"People ask me, 'How do you like it over there in Oregon, Harm?' And the local Kiwanis Club back in Payette wrote me a letter saying I could no longer be an honorary member, since I didn't live in Payette anymore. Ontario," says Harmon, shaking his head, "is six miles away." When he's home—whether it's Idaho or Oregon—he does a little hunting—deer and pheasant.

During the baseball season Killebrew has a television show and a daily radio program, which he tapes. "I work with another fellow—we don't have a

continued

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script. We just have somebody on, and talk to him. Like we might have Bobby Richardson, and we'll talk about playing second base. No, it wasn't too easy at first, being on TV."

One bet it wasn't. Only a few years ago Harmon was well known for being shy to the point of awkwardness. Now, though he is still reserved, it is a very poised reserve. He has turned into a quiet but unmistakable take-charge man in restaurants, for example, and people who follow his television show say he has an easy manner and a natural talent for interviewing other people.

Interviewed himself, Harmon will say conscientiously that he doesn't think those two years on the bench did him too much damage. He points out that he was working out, after all. "I just wasn't in game competition. I don't think that this actually should have anything to do with midseason slumps. One thing about a slump," it is Harmon's unarguable opinion, "is not to have a long one. You're going to have a slump, but I think there are things you can do. I did the opposite things from what you ought to do last season—I took advice from everyone. Everyone means well, but if a player has been playing for a while I think he should know the fundamentals of hitting. Unless he's doing something radically wrong with his body, he shouldn't take too much advice." The size of Harmon's swing, of course, is the factor linking his home-run record and his achievements in the strikeout department. "The bigger swing is the thing. Some people just tap it around, and it doesn't go anywhere." He adds politely, "but everybody has his own style of hitting."

"Harmon can hit a ball out of the park on a half swing, he's that strong," a sportswriter observed. "When he slumps, it's his timing that's off. He swings with his whole body, and once he starts he can't stop."

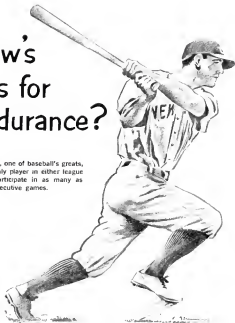
Harmon is reported to be unconcerned about brushbacks, but "I can't say yes to that," he objects. "Somebody's liable to stick one in my ear. I think a batter expects to be brushed back—it's not necessarily that they're throwing at you." As to the Babe Ruth record, Harmon says, "I didn't know any of that stuff until I read it in *The Sporting News*."

At spring training in February big Jim Lemon, Harmon's best friend, sat on a bench outside the clubhouse, smok-

continued

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ing his pipe and kindly addressing himself to the problem of a little colorfulness for Harmon Killebrew, Harmon himself came by. "Now, Harmon," Lemon said to him, "you've got to think of something. He doesn't like ice cream, of course." Lemon added, in reference (it turned out) to the fact that Harmon could consume a gallon of ice cream a day. "I like steak," Harmon offered. "Medium." That didn't seem to set him off enough from the rest of the population, unless one could make a point of its ineffable ordinariness. But Harmon shortly stood revealed as also liking Chinese food, Polynesian food, pizza, tacos and extremely hot mustard.

Killebrew's is an intricate reserve. He would prefer writers not to mention, for instance, that he doesn't drink or smoke. After a certain amount of experience of Harmon, a good guess at the reason for this is that Harmon has friends who do both, and that making a big thing of his habits could conceivably read like some faint assertion of his opinion as opposed to the opinion of somebody else somewhere. Harmon is so sensitive in this respect that it is reasonable to infer that his own feelings can be hurt with less than a sledgehammer. He worried for weeks after saying on television that he'd like to see Maury Wills try to steal 104 bases in the American League. He hadn't meant to hurt Wills's feelings. He had only been rather automatically defending his own league. "That's all I meant," he brooded, and when someone assured him that Wills would know that, Killebrew said, no, if anybody ever said they'd like to see him hit 48 home runs in the National League, his feelings would be hurt. Harmon thinks Sam Mele is the best manager he's ever worked for, but debated being quoted as saying, "What he does particularly well is to keep everybody happy." Some former manager might think Harmon was saying he didn't. Harmon said, "We sure liked Washington. We kind of hated it, when we moved—we had friends there, and everything." Then he added, with faint alarm, "Of course, we love Minnesota"—as if he might have wounded the states of Minnesota, Missouri, Idaho and probably Oregon.

At dinner in Orlando, Harmon Killebrew finally leaned across the table and said solemnly to Herb Hefi, "Herb, what unusual hobbies do you have?" A man deserves to be let off the hook. **END**



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Smart dogs keep on the right track

With noses to the ground, Rover and Spot are sniffing toward a new kind of Ph.D.

A few weeks ago, a caravan of station wagons pulled to a stop in the middle of what may currently be the most popular dump in Florida and ejected a wildly improbable assortment of sniffing dogs. Amidst squat mounds of rusting cans and discarded beer bottles a pony-sized great Dane towered over a miniature poodle, a dachshund shied away from the overtures of a Doberman pinscher, and a cocker spaniel grumbled softly to one and all. The people who came with the dogs were busy, too. They studied programs, consulted judges, checked watches, now and then patted a furry head. Clearly, this was a canine event of some importance but, just as clearly, it was neither a dog show nor even a field trial. It was, in fact, the latest example of a little-known but fast-growing form of canine competition known as the tracking test.

Like most dog shows and field trials, tracking tests are run under American Kennel Club rules and supervision, and are judged by AKC-licensed officials. But they are not as exclusive as the other two events—where dogs of widely differing breeds and backgrounds seldom mingle professionally—nor are they competitive in the same sense. Moreover the show dog, bred for beauty, need possess neither talent nor a loving heart, while a field trial champion could, conceivably, look like someone's discarded mop. For-

continued

Take Keds 'Court King,' for instance. It was made for tennis pros, but it walked right off the courts and became a great all-around casual. Small wonder. 'Court King' has the cleanest lines, the smoothest fit, the greatest feel you could want. Plus a traction sole and a reinforced construction that make it wear much longer. Be sure to ask for U.S. Keds 'Court King.' Lace to toe (as shown) or regular oxford style.

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unately—for people as well as dogs—there is a spreading movement that boldly suggests all dogs, regardless of breed, can be useful and beautiful alike and make fond pets in the bargain. This movement is finding its chief expression in the tracking test.

There are no breed restrictions in a tracking test, no classifications according to age, sex or group and no blue-ribbon winners. The only prize—and that the same for all—is the coveted degree of T.D. (for tracking dog) which, like the M.A.s and Ph.D.s cherished by *Home sapiens*, means that the dog has successfully developed a special talent that sets him apart. There are now some 600 dogs of all shapes and sizes qualified to bear this degree, and schools like the Obedience Training Club of Palm Beach County have waiting lists months long.

But the mushrooming popularity of tracking cannot be attributed solely to dreams of making man's best friend his most useful servant. The numbers of lost children and misplaced wallets that need

sniffing out in any given season are limited. So, too, are escaped convicts (2,700 annually), and the sheriff's bloodhound usually puts his nose to these tracks. The real appeal of tracking is the fun that a dog and his master find in turning it together. Classes like those held Thursday evenings at the West Palm Beach armory are informal, informative and inexpensive. Since there is no such thing as a professional handler in tracking, everyone trains his own dog. He is taught how by an instructor, but he does all the work himself.

"A lot of people sign up for our courses thinking we are going to take their dogs and train them the way professional trainers do," says Franklin Lundgren, the club's treasurer. "They soon find out that training is *their* job, not ours. Our job is to show them *how* they can make their dogs more useful, and to convince them that they and the dogs will be happier as a result."

"It's surprising to see what a little old-fashioned discipline will do for a dog," says Mrs. Fred Buchholz of Lake Worth, who originally introduced tracking to the

club. "Nowadays nobody seems to obey anyone, and it's even money whether dogs or children do more damage to other people's property. We believe that a dog should be taught good manners, should learn to respect people and property and should obey orders. That's all part of the training involved in tracking, and you can't leave that kind of training to a stranger. It has to come from the dog's owner."

"The funny part," Mrs. Buchholz continues, "is that dogs love this kind of discipline. Fundamentally, they all want to please. They like being shown how, especially by their masters. And they are just as proud as their owners when they do a good job. In fact, it's a question of who gets the most out of our courses—the dogs or the owners."

Generally eight to 10 owners with their dogs make up a tracking class. The trackers work side by side, giving each other company and encouragement. Enthusiastic instructors, like Mrs. Buchholz, donate their time not only to teaching but to organizing informal club competitions, setting up actual AKC tests and, on rare

continued

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The truly great action pictures are generally Nikon

Photo by Neil Leitch



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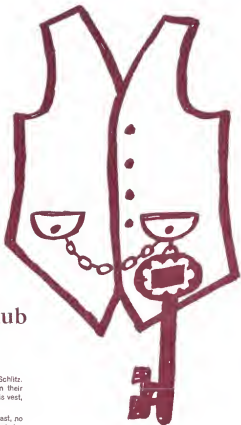
Only five men have keys to the yeast room at Schlitz. They wear them (a trifle self-consciously) on their vests, well aware that yeast is yeast and vest is vest, and seldom the twain shall meet.

Yeast is what makes beer come alive. No yeast, no gusto. The yeast cells that put gusto in Schlitz today are direct descendants of the cells that revolutionized brewing back in the 1880's, when Schlitz became the first American brewery to adopt pure culture yeast.

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DOGS *continued*

and wonderful occasions of crisis, dispatching graduate T.D.s to find a lost something-or-other.

"Just last week," says Mrs. Buchholz, "a woman I had never met called me in the middle of the afternoon. She was frantic. Her 2-year-old had wandered off in one of those giant shopping complexes and she had been searching for more than half an hour. I left my job



TRIO OF BASKETS sniff their way around a Florida field with Owner Lena Kikibush.

and rushed over with my Chesapeake, Eastern Waters Nugget. She's a bench show champion, but she also has utility and tracking degrees. She took the scent of the child from a sweater the mother had and then tracked him from the hardware store where he had disappeared, across the parking plaza, into a supermarket crowded with people and to the back of an aisle where the baby was crying his eyes out. The whole thing took less than five minutes."

The most difficult stage of tracking training is the introduction to the outdoors. In the classroom the dog works principally on the scent trails left by his

continued



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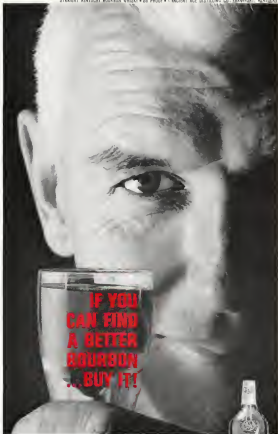
owner and on distinguishing one scent from another. Now he must learn to follow the trails of strangers in an atmosphere bursting with all kinds of exciting odors. Outdoor trails must be run over varied terrain in every kind of weather to familiarize a dog with all possible scenting conditions. The first day out, most dogs seem to forget everything they learned in the classroom. After weeks of familiar smells the first whiff of a rabbit or a quail is enough to turn any dog's head. At this stage it is necessary to have someone other than the dog's owner lay the trail so the dog learns to follow a strange scent. No two people give off exactly the same odor, although deodorant manufacturers would like to think otherwise. With his highly refined sense of smell, a dog can follow one particular trail, if he has been taught to do so, even though it has been crossed dozens of times by other scents. He begins first on trails that are only a few minutes old, but eventually he must be able to follow a trail 30 minutes old or one even older. With practice, a good tracker can master a trail laid down as long as 24 hours earlier.

Obviously, practice is important. The more experience a dog gets on many scents under different conditions, the less likely he is to be distracted when put to a major test. Most club members get their dogs out at least once a week, many as often as every day, if only for 10 minutes.

Several days before a tracking test the quarter-mile track (there is a separate one for each dog) is plotted and marked with flags, mapped and then walked over by one or both of the judges so that it becomes thoroughly familiar. Not less than half an hour or more than two hours before the actual test, the track is walked along by a stranger to the dog who must, according to AKC rules, wear leather-soled shoes (rubber gives off an odor that might be distracting). The tracklayer circles the starting flag several times to concentrate his scent, then picks up the flags along the course so the dog has no visible clues to the trail. At the end an object is deposited that the dog will find if he successfully runs the track. At the West Palm Beach test last month the object was a wallet. Four of the 10 dogs entered found theirs, but for a few tense moments, it looked as though one of them would fail to make the grade. The dog, a 2-year-old Chesapeake,

continued

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THE GABRIEL COMPANY
Cleveland 15, Ohio



Chesachobee's Ty-Dee, pounced upon her scent at the starting flag and then took off at a gallop. Trying to keep up with her at the other end of a regulation 50-foot leash was Ty-Dee's owner, Mrs. O. J. Smith of Miami, who looked like a gray-haired sprinter out to set a record. The judges, unprepared for such speed, were far behind.

Most of the gallery had already placed itself a reasonable distance beyond the finish where they had a good view of the end of the track. Clearly Ty-Dee was running a brilliant test with enthusiasm and skill. She made her last turn, sharply and without hesitation. And then the whistle blew. This is the signal that a dog has been disqualified, usually because it is markedly off course. Mrs. Smith stopped in dismay. Ty-Dee gave her a look of sheer bewilderment. The gallery was open-mouthed. Mrs. Buchholz, who had originally staked this particular track, was first speechless, then apoplectic and then almost in tears. Blonde hair flying, she descended upon the judges.

In minutes the misunderstanding was clear. The judges, puffing along far behind, had mistaken one landmark on their maps for another, and had erroneously scored the dog off track. Ty-Dee was sent out again, made all the proper turns in the proper places, retrieved her wallet yards beyond where she had been halted earlier and won her T.D. with flying colors. Those present cheered, whistled, clapped and patted their dogs and each other on the back.

"That's what makes tracking fun," says Lena Kickbusch, whose basset hound was the third of its breed in the U.S. to pass a tracking test. "Everybody's rooting for everybody else instead of just for themselves."

END



CHESACHOBBEE'S Ty-Dee finds the planted wallet, despite a goof by the tracking judges.

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for tires. It operates in the cold and snow of Pennsylvania winters and the heat of southern Florida. And the trucks do a lot of "back street" driving over rough pavement and cobblestones. Mr. Flanagan says, "I get more mileage, more recaps and have less trouble with Kelly tires."

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Specify Kellys for your new equipment!

THE SCANDALOUS NOTES

continued from page 24

EXPERTS: Opinion again. Not helpful.

• Baer [Babb] on a hook on goal line
BUTTS: "It has no meaning."

EXPERTS: On the goal line the pass receiver cannot go deep. He must therefore either run a hook, sideline or slant pattern, and to play him for one of them in particular would be foolish.

• Slot to Rt Ends normal (3 yards)

BUTTS: "It has no meaning to me."

EXPERTS: Vague, but apparently a basic formation and predictable.

• Rt Half Back on fly/Lt Half Back/QB gives to L.H./L.G. pulling blocks on corner

BUTTS: "Some teams might run away from the fly man, but it sounds like a bad play to me."

EXPERTS: Description of a running play, a sweep to the outside, in which the fly man (in motion) becomes a blocker. Nothing special about it, and part of nearly every team's repertoire.

• Slot or wide slot/till goal line

BUTTS: "Doesn't make sense."

EXPERTS: Agreed. All teams normally muster as much blocking power as possible close to the goal where the yardage gets tougher.

A quick kicker for Georgia?

• can't quick kick

BUTTS: "A false statement if it pertains to Georgia. I thought Jackie Saye was pretty good."

EXPERTS: If true, it would be no secret to opponents.

• slot rt-rt half from fly/screen to him

BUTTS: "A standard play."

EXPERTS: Agreed.

• 29-0 series Baer [Babb] catches everything they throw

BUTTS: "This could be the '29-Over' series where the second back goes through the ninth hole. I don't know that Babb catches everything they throw."

EXPERTS: Impossible to interpret.

• Slot Rt/Lt end out 15 yards

BUTTS: "A standard formation from which you can run any number of plays."

EXPERTS: Agreed. But useless information, like much of the rest, unless a defense knows exactly when certain plays will occur.

• Drop end off/Ga.—contain with tackle (defense)

BUTTS: "Not a bad defense sometimes if you know how to do it. I didn't know Georgia had it until the middle of the season, and then I went to the coaches

continued

19 out of 20!

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"The Finest In The Field!"

THE SCANDALOUS NOTES

and showed them how they might get killed using it sometime if they didn't change."

EXPERTS: A basic defense for teams to gamble with against rollout passes, when they normally can be expected on passing downs. Perhaps indiscreet, but at the same time, it is a defense that should be anticipated by any well-drilled team.

Summing up, Coach Butts said: "As I said before I had heard the rumors of this thing, I have talked to Paul Bryant many times about football, as I have to dozens of other coaches, on the phone from my home, from my office and elsewhere. The formations described are in most instances impossible to understand. They make no sense. I don't know whether the formations mentioned were to be used by Georgia since I had not attended secret drills, staff meetings or blackboard drills for two weeks before the Alabama game."

Butts, whose reputation and career have been jeopardized, has gathered support gradually from Georgia players, university friends and from college coaches who insist there are no secrets in football today. ("Everyone knows what the opponent is going to run," says Texas' Darrell Royal, "but they don't know *when*.")

Still, even the most optimistic supporter of Wally Butts realized last week that the road ahead would be difficult. After a two weeks' investigation, Georgia Attorney General Eugene Cook issued this statement to the press: "The evidence, after a thorough investigation, indicates that vital and important information was given about the Georgia team, that it could have affected the outcome of the game and the margin of points scored."

It was not clear whether Cook is in possession of evidence that goes beyond the Burnett notes. At most, a coach giving the information contained in such notes would be guilty of a profound indiscretion. And that, of course, raises the question of ethics—not only the ethics of Wally Butts or Bear Bryant but of virtually the entire football fraternity, which has become fond of pregame conversation. As one prominent coach said last week, "Maybe we talk too much to each other. I know we all try to con one another a little bit. But if I had to be one of the two men in that conversation, I would rather be the listener than the speaker."

END



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I M P E R I A L





Grey Owl: Mysterious Genius of Nature Lore

BY ROBERT CANTWELL

Early in the winter of 1929 an Indian living in the wilderness of eastern Quebec made his way into town on snowshoes—a distance of 40 miles—and mailed an 8,000-word manuscript to *Country Life* magazine in London. He was a tall, thin, soft-spoken and light-footed individual with coal-black hair, which he wore Indian-fashion in two stringy braids behind his ears. He was known as Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin—which in the Ojibway language means Sleepless, or the Insomniac, or even the Sleep-walker; its literal meaning is “he who travels by night.” In the manuscript that he mailed to *Country Life* he translated his name as Grey Owl, and by this name he soon became internationally famous.

The magazine bought the article, mailed Grey Owl a check and asked for more. Grey Owl paid his debt to the storekeeper in Cabano, who had advanced him \$120 for a winter's trap-line supplies. He bought a yellow fountain pen, some ink, a lot of paper, a Kodak camera for his wife, Anahareo, and snowshoed back to his cabin, presently emerging with another article, which *Country Life* also purchased.

Both articles brought exceptional reader response and soon Grey Owl's first book, *The Men of the Last Frontier*, appeared. A second, *Pilgrims of the Wild*, was quickly brought out by another publisher, and it sold 50,000 copies at the rate of 800 a week. While it was still going strong, a third work, *The Adventures of Sojo and Her Beaver People*, was serialized in *The Illustrated London News* and then also published as a book. It sold at the rate of 1,000 copies a week. These were remarkable figures for books on two counts: Grey Owl's were nature books, which rarely approach bestseller status, and they were selling in the early 1930s, when the worldwide depression was at its worst. Two years after his first effort at creative writing, Grey Owl had two bestsellers going in England, plus an earlier almost-bestseller that was still selling, and presently his Canadian publisher had \$61,000 credited to Grey Owl's account in royalties. Readers clamored for more of his writing, and literary circles on both sides of the Atlantic were enchanted with his style and eager to learn more about this remarkable Indian.

Grey Owl's reaction to success was to head for the woods. Probably no author in the history of literature ever showed such a marked distaste for publicity, parties, interviews, flattery and the other rewards that go with writing bestsellers, as did Grey Owl at that time. His wife left him at the first intimation of his coming triumph, and though they later came back together, she was usually away, looking after some

continued

An unknown Indian in 1930, Grey Owl is shown (opposite) at start of puzzling career that led from Canadian wilds to Buckingham Palace.

property or visiting her parents in their ancestral tepee—at any rate, beyond the reach of interviewers. His publishers let it be known that Grey Owl was the son of a Scotsman and an Indian woman, that he had been raised among the Ojibways and was a member of that tribe, that he had served as a sniper in World War I, was twice wounded and had since been a trapper, forest ranger and guide.

What started Grey Owl on his way to popular favor was



As elusive as her husband Grey Owl, Anahareo helped raise, tame and transport beaver families to a remote wilderness area for new colonies.

a short section near the end of *The Men of the Last Frontier* dealing with beavers. The Ojibway word for beaver is Ahmik, pronounced like the slang term for an Irishman, a Mick, and Grey Owl included in his book his recollections of two beaver kittens he had raised, called McGuinness and McGinty. The mother beaver had been killed, and Grey Owl took the kits into his cabin. Grey Owl wrote of his beavers with such understanding and studious detail that his work amounted to a revolutionary approach in this field of scientific observation. Both the methods of observation and the style of writing have been copied widely, and fruitfully, since.

His kits, Grey Owl wrote, remembering his experiences in France, "resemble somewhat an army tank, being built

on much the same lines and progressing in a similar manner." But it was their industry that impressed him; they worked all the time. They grew a little fatter than he noticed; coming home after a brief absence, he found they had chewed all the logs off the tables and chairs for sheer joy of living. Then they heaped stovewood, moccasins, blankets and dishes around the window, plainly trying to get the cabin in shape for the next winter. In the mission school, or wherever it was that Grey Owl learned to read—he said an aunt had insisted on it—the prose models were evidently Addison and Emerson and the Sears Roebuck catalogue, for Grey Owl had mastered a stately style. "Soft weather, having an exhilarating effect on these animals," he speculated, as he surveyed the damage, "accounted for the delirious attack on my humble fixtures."

When Grey Owl's back was turned, McGuinness and McGinty raced down to the lake 40 feet away and returned with loads of mud which they carefully spread over the floor. If there was any exceptional activity around the cabin, they thought it was work and tried to join in, pushing and pulling things and "hopping and capering about like little round gnomes." At 6 months they could chew through a six-inch log in a few minutes.

In the wild, beaver kittens are generally born in the spring, five to the litter, and remain the first summer with the mother at the dam; the father and the young born the preceding year spend the summer wandering around, traveling downstream, sometimes as far as 20 miles. In the fall they reassemble to strengthen the dam, put the lodge in shape and collect birch and aspen logs into a raft, to be sunk below the ice for a winter food supply. McGuinness and McGinty were plainly nettled at Grey Owl's improvidence; at every opportunity they dashed out and returned with armloads of sticks, branches or even good-sized trees, and if they decided to chew down the log wall of the cabin, as they sometimes did, they were tidy about it, invariably heaping the chips and shavings on one side out of the way.

When these activities pulled, they wrestled. Or a may have been a dance. They stood on their hind feet, supported by their tails, and locked their forearms in neck and underarm holds, appearing equally prepared to wait or to struggle. In this position they slowly strained and pushed against each other, one finally giving way and walking rapidly backward; the other, walking forward, kept in step with him. But now the one walking backward would suddenly catch the other off balance, perhaps by using his tail for leverage, and the spirited walk would commence in the opposite direction. Beavers have a wide range of sounds, chattering and mumbling to themselves as they work and, as they danced or wrestled or whatever it was, they grumbled and complained constantly when things were going against them. "Their performance resembles a violently aggressive fox trot as closely as it does anything else," said Grey Owl. His description of beavers at work and play moved *The New Republic* to call him "a compound of Ernest Thompson Seton and St. Francis of Assisi." "Grey Owl," said *The*

continued



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Grey Owl continued

New York Times, "is no stuffed Indian. He is real and honest. His book should outlast its season and many another." The *London Times* reported: "It is difficult to recall any record of the great North-West so brilliantly and lovingly handled. What haunts the memory are unforgettable vignettes . . . of the Indian, a shadow among shadows . . . and above all, the charm and pathos of the heaver."

In their second year McGuiness and McGinty disappeared—nothing to do around here—but Grey Owl was given two other beaver kittens by an Indian prospector. The male died, but the female grew into a rotund, haughty creature called variously the Boss, the Queen, the Lady of the Lake, the Tub and, finally, Jelly Roll, by which name she became known as one of the most prominent screen stars of the time. With Grey Owl and another beaver called Rawhide, she appeared in a series of nature films produced by the National Park Service of Canada, which the Service described as "the most remarkable motion pictures ever produced of this enterprising little animal." The first movie, *The Beaver People*, was released to nationwide acclaim, and Grey Owl was officially credited with having started public interest in the conservation of the beaver.

The co-star of the film, Rawhide, was full-grown when Grey Owl found him. One of his hind feet had been frightfully torn by a trap. Every afternoon Grey Owl carried Rawhide to a pond where there was an abandoned beaver lodge and sat in a canoe while the animal paddled around, regaining the use of its legs. By the time it had done so it was friendly enough to climb into the canoe with him. Grey Owl had tamed a mature beaver, very likely an unprecedented feat. He didn't realize how exceptional it was until, as he put it, a Park Service official "told me there was nothing to parallel it anywhere."

Grey Owl was now given a Park Service assignment to start beaver colonies in areas where the animals had been exterminated. He selected a lake in Riding Mountain National Park, about 200 miles northwest of Winnipeg, for the trial.

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Grey Owl continued

It may have been merely coincidence that he was again in remote wilderness just as his works increased in popularity and his name began to be known throughout Canada. In any event, he became a Canadian citizen. What he thought he had been before was never made clear. In his application he stated that his father was George McNeil, his mother Katherine, a woman of the Jicarilla Apache tribe, and his birthplace Hermosillo in Sonora, Mexico.

A huge beaver tank, built to his specifications, was placed in a baggage car, and Grey Owl rode in the car for nearly a week taking care of his two beaver in the tank. They traveled about 2,000 miles across Canada to Riding Mountain. There Rawhide and Jelly Roll built their lodge, and Jelly Roll gave birth to four kittens, but drought conditions threatened the entire project. The enlarged party thereupon continued its trek across Canada, leaving modern transportation behind at Waskesiu Lake in Prince Albert National Park in Saskatchewan, traveling 30 miles by water to Awaswan Lake, and finally portaging everything, including the kittens, the last half mile.

A cabin was built at Grey Owl's direction, and it stood nearly in the center of the 2,300 square miles of wilderness in the park. It was unfloored at one end. There an enclosure like a big cupboard ran across it. This was to be the beavers' home until they built their own. A tunnel led from the cupboard arrangement to the lake, coming out under water at the seven-foot level, safely below any ice. Ordinarily, before a freeze-up, transplanted beaver grow wildly anxious at the lack of a good dam and a supply of aspens, and they rush about, become lost and act directly opposite to their normal good sense. So Grey Owl did not dare let his animals out, and they promptly started to chew the house down. He managed to get a telegram to Anahareo before the winter closed in—she was living with her parents on a reservation—calling for help, because it was plain that in the approaching winter it was going to be a struggle to keep a roof over his head. She arrived in time, and the two Indians and six beaver settled

down to six months of unbroken frustration for all.

About a third of Grey Owl's superb last book, *Tales of an Empty Cabin*, consists of observation of the four beaver kittens that winter. They resembled a line of penguinlike waddling gnomes, hopping and shuffling along in short leaps as they followed their mother about. One always walked erect, staggering about like a decrepit old man. Another was always peering nearsightedly about him, as if he had misplaced his spectacles. One discovered that he could ride on the mother beaver's large, flat tail, and ceased trying to walk around the cabin, standing up and riding comfortably instead while hanging onto the fur. The others then tried it, but there wasn't room enough for all of them because their webbed feet were too big. So they pedaled along, one foot riding and the other marking time, like a child riding a scooter.

Spring came, the heady season for beaver because they can work all the time. Each budding aspen was a challenge to be chewed down, and they could gnaw through a three-inch tree in three minutes. There were trails to be graded, so the aspens could be hauled more easily to the pond. And the thawing earth could be loosed with axes through which distant birches and aspens could be floated—and in which the beaver could swim and be safer from predators than they could when they pulled a tree over open ground. And dams could be built. One that Grey Owl found was 300 feet long, 12 feet high and eight feet through. The rising waters brought leaks in the dams that had to be fixed—the eternal promise of spring that meant days and nights of constant work. On the first good day Rawhide dashed to the lake and returned with about two quarts of soft gray mud he had scooped from the bottom. The beaver began to build a lodge over the inside-the-cabin opening of the tunnel to the lake. At this point cameramen from the National Park Service arrived. They took the roof off the cabin so they could have light to photograph the building of the lodge, and the beaver worked on, undisturbed. First they built a haystack-shaped pile of

crisscrossed sticks, like a geodesic dome. They plastered on another layer of mud and stuck in more sticks. They trundled the mud into place when they reached the house, pushing it ahead of them, walking on their hind feet and using their forepaws to hold the mass together. Mud was everywhere. It was impossible to open or close the door without a shovel.

The beaver did not leave a central opening in the lodge for their living quarters. That would have been too easy. Instead they made a solid pile and then chewed out the sticks in the center to the size house they wanted. Within, each member of the family had his own space somehow permanently allotted. The inside was coated with mud that dried hard. The floor was covered with a fine, dry bedding made of fibers stripped from wood. But the greatest proof of their ingenuity was the location of the lodge they were building, accessible to the lake via the tunnel, strong enough in its own right to be stepped on by a moose and not break down, and surrounded by the four walls of Grey Owl's cabin for additional protection.

The second movie, *The Beaver Family*—portraying all this activity—was even more enthusiastically received than the first. It was now impossible for Grey Owl to hold out against appeals to visit and lecture in England. What he had accomplished was the individualizing of wild animals, and while there were astounding false notes and flat passages in his work—astounding because the level was generally so high—they seemed appropriate and rather touching as the revelations of a self-taught Indian striving for the white man's poetic and emotional effect. All of Grey Owl's writing, if considered as a single work, was a bold and original creation. He had built a kind of lonely homespun epic in which the shattered survivors of two vanishing species, the Indian and the beaver, came together and made their peace.

Grey Owl had no scientific training and did not claim to make a scientific contribution, but there is little in today's standard works on the beaver that is not

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Grey Owl *continued*

incorporated, in living terms, in Grey Owl's books. I remember reviewing Grey Owl's *Tales of an Empty Cabin* in 1936 and commenting on his remarkable powers of observation, his sincerity and humor and his peculiarly Indian quality of kinship with nature. He did not write about the deer being his brother, or the bear his cousin, but he wrote about them in the way that James Thurber wrote about his relatives in Columbus, Ohio. Grey Owl himself was disarmingly candid about his writing. "I fully realize that all this while I have been sauntering around on holy ground, improperly dressed and with my boots on."

When he applied for his passport to go to England, Grey Owl asked that it be made out in the name of McNeill. He explained that he had used the name of Belaney in his military service—he was pensioned because of his wounds—because he had been brought up by an aunt of that name. He arrived in England on the *Empress of Britain*, and was met by his publisher, Lovat Dickson. "I saw him sitting, bowed and dejected, in a corner of the lounge," Dickson wrote, "a hunted, frightened look on his face." Grey Owl had almost nothing to say when Dickson took him to rooms he had rented for him in London. The rooms were in an old-fashioned apartment with a large L-shaped recess in which there were many chairs of all shapes and sizes. It was 2 in the morning when they arrived. Dickson tried to make conversation, but Grey Owl merely stood by the fireplace, motionless and withdrawn. He was standing there when Dickson left.

When Dickson returned the next morning he was still standing there. "Haven't you been to bed, Grey Owl?" Dickson asked.

"No," the Indian replied. When Dickson tried to draw him out he said, "I cannot stay here. I shall die."

It was unclear to Dickson whether Grey Owl meant England or the room. Then his manner changed abruptly. He talked like an American gangster. "Have a chair, buddy," he said indicating the chair-filled alcove. "Have several."

His first lecture was in Southampton. The room was darkened, and Grey Owl

continued



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stood behind the curtains in his Indian ceremonial garb. "The curtain rolled up and revealed a tall, lean figure," Dickson wrote. "There was a moment's silence, and then his voice, deep and vibrant with feeling, rang out: 'I am Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin, Grey Owl, a North American Indian. I come from far across the western ocean, from a land of illimitable forests, great lakes and rushing rivers.'"

The lecture was a personal triumph, as were those that followed. At a literary luncheon, where 90% of the audience were women, Grey Owl was mobbed in scenes that resembled the hysteria over Rudolph Valentino. He spoke to audiences of 2,000, and the talks, as Hugh Fayrs, his Canadian publisher said, "were so astonishingly successful there has been nothing quite like them." Another observer wrote: "Not since the visit of Mark Twain to these shores has a literary figure so captured the imagination of the British Isles." But Grey Owl was increasingly haggard as his triumph mounted. Dickson thought his agitation came because he longed for the wilderness. "Sometimes his nostalgia would reach the pitch of nervous hysteria," Dickson wrote, "and with his face racked with misery, his long hair wild about his shoulders, he would pace up and down the room."

On one occasion he abruptly left a large party given by a countess in London. Being honored as an Indian author had become unendurable. Leaving the party, Grey Owl rushed out into the night and, on a historic spree, spent \$600 before morning. Literary records do not say on what, but observers were impressed by his determined extravagance.

Still, his second British lecture tour was even more successful than the first. Beginning at Grosvenor House in London on September 21, 1937, he made almost 100 appearances, taking only one day off before December 18, sometimes speaking to two audiences a day. Wearing his war bonnet of 42 eagle feathers, Wa-Sha-Quon-Asin enthralled feminine admirers in the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, the Pump House in Bristol, and in Birmingham.

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Grey Owl *continued*

ham, Liverpool, York, Newcastle, Dundee, Glasgow, Edinburgh and small provincial cities. He had grown notably touchy about his Indian background. In resonant tones he attributed his dedication to the cause of conservation to his Indian ancestry, thundering denunciations of the white man's cruelty to Indians and beavers with an eloquence that suggested he was bringing to the British Isles the first news of some paleface massacre of an isolated Indian garrison.

On the afternoon of December 10, 1937, before his Geographical Association speech scheduled for the Polytechnic Theatre that evening, Grey Owl was summoned to Buckingham Palace. He was invited—commanded, it seems, is the correct term—to give his talk and show his films to the royal family, consisting of the two little princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret, their grandmother, Queen Mary, King George VI, Queen Elizabeth and the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. *Because of fears* that his wilderness manners would create embarrassment, Grey Owl was hurriedly drilled in court etiquette, particularly that he must always address the King as "sir." His instructors need not have worried. In the presence of royalty Grey Owl was relaxed, charming, natural and picturesque. He showed his films for the 45 minutes allotted to him, and asked if he had said enough.

"No, no, go on," said the King.

"We can't get enough of it," added Queen Mary.

In all, Grey Owl held the family spellbound for four hours. Later he was honored when the King and Queen remained behind to chat with him after the others left. Grey Owl forgot his lessons in deportment in this informal atmosphere. He stuck out his hand when he said goodbye.

"Goodby, my friend, and good luck," said the King, shaking hands with him. "You have given us a wonderful afternoon."

"Goodby, my brother," said Grey Owl.

About this time, questions were beginning to be asked about Grey Owl. How had it happened that an Indian who grew up in the northern wilds and

continued



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Grey Owl

painfully wrote out in longhand his first quaint account of his life with his little beaver brothers should have mailed the manuscript to *Cowboy Life* magazine in London? What was the story that, in moods of reverie—or merely when he was careless—Grey Owl sat at the piano and played Chopin? What was there to the mysterious report that he, or somebody who looked exactly like him, had played the drums in a jazz band in a Lake Superior summer resort? And finally, would any Indian use some of the phrases that Grey Owl used? Was it common Ojibway practice, for example, to speak of a crooner, as Grey Owl did, as "some gigoole with corrupted hair singing *You're Got Me Crying Again!*"

Returning to Toronto, Grey Owl made a final triumphant address at Massey House and vanished into the woods again. Before he left he told reporters that lecturing was killing him and that he would be dead in a month if he continued. A telephone line was connected to his old cabin and park headquarters, and over it, on the night of April 12, 1938, about a month after his prediction to the reporters, Grey Owl called to say he was ill. By the time rangers reached the cabin he was dying. The cause of his death was listed as pneumonia, and he was buried on a knoll overlooking Lake Ajman in Prince Albert Park, where he had started his beaver colonies.

Almost immediately newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic—apparently as a result of several independent investigations—reported that Grey Owl was no Indian. Bit by bit, he was disclosed to have been an Englishman named Archibald Belaney, born in Hastings, who attended Hastings Grammar School. During the war he married his childhood sweetheart, a Hastings girl. Two aunts, the Misses Carrie and Ada Belaney, in whose home at 36 St. James Road, Hastings, he had grown up, admitted they had seen Grey Owl during his English tour and that he was unquestionably the missing nephew who had left for Canada at the age of 17. Lovat Dickson

found Grey Owl's mother. She was a quiet, blue-eyed woman—certainly no Apache. There was much more, including a number of marriages without intervening divorces. Grey Owl had certainly had several brushes with the law, and his widow told a confused story about a charge of attempted murder that had been held over him.

The ensuing excitement over "the biggest literary hoax of modern times" (or "one of the greatest masquerades in literary history," as the *London Times* termed it) stirred scientists, publishing circles and Grey Owl's readers over the world. Though no one attacked the validity of his work, Grey Owl's books swiftly vanished and are still out of print. A few devoted admirers tried for a time—vainly, of course—to find proof of his Indian ancestry. The films, which had been remade with sound tracks, were stored in the library of the National Film Board of Canada in Montreal.

Whatever else was questionable about Grey Owl, one fact was plain. He wanted his life to begin when his work as a conservation began. He wrote about lying all night in the rushes by the lake, watching the fog billow away as the light strengthened, studying a muskrat, a deer, a kingfisher, and then, as daylight came, drawing a bead on a beaver swimming directly toward him, watching it approach to within 15 feet and then suddenly throwing down his gun in a revulsion at killing anything. At the noise the beaver sank out of sight, the deer vanished and he was suddenly aware of a wild woodland chorus: a robin singing with a sound like the running of water, three deep golden notes from some unknown songster, the refrain of a bird that he called the Canada bird, "a haunting melody that cruises in full flight, the remainder of the song fantastically left unsung." He was as thrilled as a sleepwalker awakening from a nightmare into a woodland paradise. So his mystical feeling of kinship with nature and of the abiding value of life, human and animal, was not false, and he became an Indian, not from a desire to perpetrate a fraud but to signalize a break forever with a past that meant nothing to him.

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JET-SMOOTH CHEVROLET

2



1. Rod Laver, only player besides Dan Budge to win grand slam* of tennis—Australian, French, U.S. and Wimbledon men's singles championships—beams for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED photographer and displays U.S. trophy after his 1962 victory.

2. Greek amphora (c. 510 B.C.), an treasure owned by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, is given annually in replica to the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sportsman of the Year to recognize the achievement of that degree of excellence expressed in the ancient Greek concept of arete, a unity of mind and body to which the complete man of every age must aspire. First won in 1954 by Roger Barnstater, in 1962 it went to Terry Baker.

3. Varsity Challenge Cup, donated in 1898 by Louis L. Seamon of Cornell, for Intercollegiate Rowing Association eight-oared shells, has been won 20 times in 60 regattas by its current holder, Cornell.

4. Walker Cup, donated in 1921 by George H. Walker, is the prize for competition between U.S. and British men's amateur golf teams. Currently held by the U.S., it has been won once by Great Britain in 18 matches.

5. The America's Cup, called the Hundred Guinea Cup when the schooner America won it in a race against British yachts off Cowes, England in 1851, was deeded to the New York Yacht Club by America's owners and became the symbol of world yachting supremacy. Since then it has been successfully defended against 18 challenges, the latest by Australia in 1962.



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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

RIGHT TO FIGHT

Sirs:

The new campaign to ban boxing, touched off by the death of former Featherweight Champion Davey Moore (*Death of a Champion*, April 1), is as absurd as abolishing automobiles because of the number of traffic deaths which occur.

It is the principle involved here that I believe to be more important than the actual threat to boxing as a sport. Society must inform and educate its citizens so that they are not deceived and taken advantage of, but it should not and cannot afford to furnish overprotection by abolishing an activity which by all rights should be left to the discrimination of the participants.

As a fighter Davey Moore enjoyed the highest success in his profession. He also suffered from the hazard of that profession. It is indeed a tragedy that the consequences were so severe. But the most important memorial we can give Boxer Davey Moore is to recognize the fact that he was a man, both capable and responsible, who possessed the freedom to choose his way of life. And that he accepted the consequences of his decision with unhesitating courage.

ROBERT REYNOLDS

Hagerstown, Md.

Sirs:

It is ironic that the poor prizefighter, with all his gifted skill in fighting, cannot fight back at those who would rob him of his livelihood and the opportunity to better his station in life. It is reasonable to assume that Paret and Moore would have accepted death as it occurred, rather than be denied this opportunity.

SEYMOUR SOLOMON, D.D.S.

Monroe, La.

POETIC KAYO

Sirs:

Cassius Clay has done more for boxing these past two years than anyone since Rocky Marciano. Yet Huston Horn has written an article (*A Consequence for the Cookware Cassius*, March 25) attempting to mock the great young fighter. How he can say that Clay fought poorly against the No. 3 challenger, Doug Jones, is beyond me. Possibly Clay tends to annoy some people with his lip, but he is the tonic boxing needed and I only hope he will continue to shoot his mouth off until he is crowned heavyweight champion of the world before the largest crowd in ring history.

BOB COOPER

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

I understand from the newspapers here that 1959 Pulitzer Prize Poet Stanley Kunitz has issued a challenge of his own to Cassius Clay: a meeting, any day, in the poetic ring with a knockout in four stanzas.

MORGAN O'LEARY

Missoula, Kans.

IDEE FIXE

Sirs:

The way things are shaping up, 1963 could well go down in sports history as the year of the big fix (*A Debatable Football Scandal in the Southeast*, March 25). So far this year pro football, basketball, boxing (always boxing) and now college football have been subjected to the gimlet eye of scandal. The latest so-called scandal, though, is a real hummer.

After reading what was available on the topic, it was reassuring to find that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* learned to the veracity of Coaches Butts and Bryant. That's the way I'm leaning, and for the sake of all sports on all levels and all coaches and athletic directors everywhere, let us pray we are leaning in the right direction.

T. C. FAWCETT

North Canton, Ohio

Sirs:

In connection with the recent controversy over the "fix" between Wally Butts and Bear Bryant, I thought you might be interested in recalling this quote which appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Oct. 23, 1961: "Wally Butts, athletic director of the University



CLAY VERBIFIES IN NEW YORK

YESTERDAY

Flight to Oblivion

Harriet Quimby was charming and daring, but she picked the wrong time for making history

by JERRY SIEBERT

The morning of April 16, 1912 was still and cold in England. Thick, black clouds floated low overhead. At a narrow airfield a few miles from Dover a 28-year-old American woman named Harriet Quimby bundled herself into a long, gray wool overcoat, a raincoat and a heavy sealskin stole. She pulled on a pair of thick gray gloves and climbed nimbly into the cockpit of a frail monoplane. The few onlookers watched with foreboding as the tiny plane disappeared in the murk—Miss Quimby was attempting a feat as daring in its day as the invasion of space half a century later.

An editor of *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, Harriet Quimby had learned to fly in 10 minutes only the year before. With a month's practice behind her, she had defied all the conventions of the times and applied for a pilot's license. On August 1, 1911, after long and heated debate over "setting a precedent by granting a pilot's license to a woman," the Aero Club of America awarded her license No. 37.

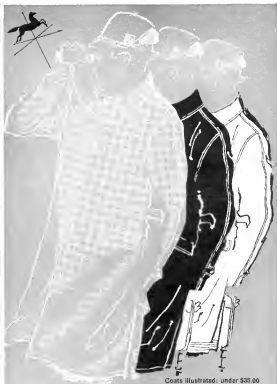
"Miss Quimby," said a newspaper account, "passed all tests brilliantly, including altitude and the difficult one of cutting figures of eight. One would never suspect to see her, or hear her talk, that she would manipulate an aeroplane or go into the air alone. But she is absolutely fearless in a flying machine."

Immediately after she became America's first aviatrix, Miss Quimby toured the United States and Mexico in a series of exhibition flights.

"Flying is just the sport for women," she said. "It's splendid for the complexion, and all that fresh air must be good for anybody!"

Her flying costume, consisting of purple satin knickerbockers, blouse and

continued



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Harriet Quimby *continued*

hood, was very becoming to her trim figure and pert, dark-eyed beauty. With it she wore high laced boots and, around her neck on an antique silver chain, a tiny East Indian idol that was her flying talisman.

She was obviously quite a great attraction, but with other women following her lead in flying, the novelty started to wear off. Harriet decided on a flight that would command headlines and if successful make her undisputed Queen of the Air. She would fly the English Channel—a flight no woman had yet dared. (The Channel had been crossed the first time only three years earlier.)

Keeping her plans secret, Harriet moved to England in March, 1912. There she persuaded the *London Daily Mirror* to back her flight. Louis Bleriot agreed to lend her a 50-hp monoplane, a type Harriet had never flown. Concerned only with being the first woman to fly the English Channel, she brushed aside his suggestion of a trial flight.

The feminine touch

Harriet was at the flying field before dawn on April 16. A mauve silk motor veil, wound loosely round her cap, floated out behind her as she moved. "I wear that to show I'm a woman if people see me flying up high," she said.

Gustave Hamel, the English aviator, made a quick flight to try out the engine. He reported it perfect but said the clouds were so low that Miss Quimby must fly by compass. Harriet announced that she had never used a compass and saw no reason to do so.

The horrified Hamel pointed out that drifting only five miles off course would mean being lost over the North Sea. He set the compass for southeast and explained its use at such length that Harriet finally broke in. "I don't care what happens! I'm going right now!"

The propeller was started and the flimsy machine sped down the runway. It rose higher and higher, passing through several cloud banks. Harriet's veil streamed out behind her. In seven minutes and 10 seconds she was lost to sight in the thick clouds. Her later account said: "I climbed steadily in a long circle. Within 30 seconds I was up about 1,500 feet. I made directly for the flagstaff of Dover Castle as I had promised the *Mirror* photographers.

"In an instant I was beyond the cliffs and over the Channel. Far below the



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Mirror's tug, streaming black smoke, tried to keep ahead of me. I passed it in a jiffy. Then the thickening fog obscured my view.

"I could not see in any direction. I pushed up my wet goggles and watched the compass. I was flying over a mile a minute. I soon felt sure that land must be in sight if I were only below the fog. But I could not see the water below, and a blind descent might mean a plunge into the surging Channel.

"Suddenly the roar of the engine faltered into a coughing splutter. I depressed my steering planes and dropped



MISS QUIMBY'S flying costume was becoming to her trim figure.

about a thousand feet. As the sunlight struck my eyes, the engine took hold again. Close ahead I saw the white shores of France, but I could not find Calais. The rising wind came in billowy gusts. I knew I must land. I glided down, making an easy landing on the beach near Hardelet."

Harriet Quimby had made the first flight across the English Channel by a woman. But the headlines and fame that she had counted on never materialized. Late on the night of April 14, 1912 the *Titanic* smashed into an iceberg and sank. In those pre-radio and -television days, news traveled slowly. It is unlikely that more than the first garbled and

continued

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sketchy reports of the disaster reached the remote aerodrome outside Dover during the 29 or 30 hours which elapsed between the sinking and Harriet's 5 a.m. take-off on the 16th.

It is doubtful whether Harriet, tensely watching the weather and keeping herself hidden so that news of her flight would not leak out, realized the full significance of the tragedy in relation to her hoped-for headlines, or if she knew about it at all.

Whether she knew of it or not, the *Titanic's* tragic end meant that Harriet's amazing feat won little recognition in the world's newspapers. For days every bit of news about the *Titanic* was printed in bold type. There was no room for sports. Even the *Marior* story on Harriet was pushed back to page five.

Without the initial burst of publicity which might have made her name a household word, Harriet's affairs did not work out as she had hoped. Expected contracts did not materialize, others were broken; she became involved in

lawsuits, troublesome and unrewarding.

Three months after her flight Miss Quimby was scheduled to be the star of the Boston Aviation Meet held in Squantum, Mass. The major event was to be Harriet's 10-mile flight to Boston Light and return, with William Willard, manager of the meet, as her passenger.

It was almost sunset on July 1, 1912 when Willard stepped into the passenger seat behind Harriet. "The aeroplane, painted pure white," said *The Boston Globe*, "scooped across the inland like some frightened thing until, taking a little jump, it lifted itself and its passengers into the air. Twenty minutes later a mere speck appeared out of the haze at a height of 5,000 feet. Nobody had ever flown to the Light at that height."

The Globe continued: "In descending Miss Quimby circled the field and started a volplane. As the great white wings dipped toward the earth there was a sudden, upward flash of the tail. Outlined against the red light of the sunset, a dark object was seen to drop out of the ma-

chine, rapidly followed by another. A cry of horror, that told of a sudden and awful realization, went up from the spectators. 'My God, they're killed!' came from hundreds of throats.

"Free of a guiding hand the aeroplane glided gracefully across the red and purple sky, making such a beautiful curve that the awfulness of death was for the moment blotted from the minds of the watchers. Then it, too, struck the water."

It is ironic that even Harriet's last, dramatic flight had little publicity. Again the unexpected, the nomination of Woodrow Wilson as the Democratic presidential candidate, pre-empted headlines and news space. Soon America's first aviatrix was virtually forgotten.

But Harriet Quimby, the lighthearted, feminine pioneer, might have felt that the brief obituary in the *Boston Post* was accolade enough. "Harriet Quimby, ambitious to be among the pathfinders, asked no handicap on account of her sex. She took her chances like a man and died like one." **END**

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of Georgia, speaking at the San Antonio Quarterback Club. The definition of an idiot in Alabama is a person who doesn't believe in Bear Bryant."

BILL MASON

Denver

Sirs,

To think that Bear Bryant would need an outline of "Georgia's plays and defensive patterns" after being a 14- to 17-point favorite is utterly ridiculous.

Why not ask George Burnett if Bud Wilkinson sold out Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl? Alabama, a three-point favorite, won by 17-0. Just think of all the investigations we could have on Bear's great football victories over the years. Here's a solid vote for Bryant and Bates, over a "check passer" who should have checked his tongue.

ART STEFFEN

Newport, Ky

• For a further report on the Butts-Bryant affair, see page 24.—ED.

GENTLEMAN, BE SEATED

Sirs,

I enjoyed your article *A Manse's Kind of Murder* (March 25). Has Kenneth Ruden ever undertaken any serious writing or does he just restrict himself to comedy?

I've always been under the impression that sportswriters were supposed to present their material in an unbiased manner. It's quite clear where his feelings lie. Fine job, Mr. Ruden, and the "Maple Leafs Forever" to you, sir.

BARBARA McBEAN

Berwyn, Ill

Sirs,

One more thing, Mr. Ruden. If you know what the word statistics means, just look up the record of your "gentlemanly Maple Leafs" on penalties before you decide on your "Good Guys and Bad Guys."

JEROME KROLAK

Cicero, Ill.

Sirs,

We enjoyed the fact that you finally acknowledged the Toronto Maple Leafs as the greatest hockey team in the world. However, we fail to see how the author can refer to the powerful Toronto club as "the gentlemanly Maple Leafs." Statistics will prove that the Leafs outmuscle the "big, rough, tough Chicago Black Hawks" almost every time the two teams meet. The Hawks' brand of hockey could better be classified as dirty, rather than "rough," and whenever they meet our Leafs they are reduced to mere kittens. We will be looking forward to future and more accurate articles on Canada's national sport.

LAWRENCE McGRIGOR
PAUL ABRAMSNEY

Toronto

continued

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19TH HOLE (continued)

Siret

Mr. Rudeen writes like a Toronto Maple Leaf fan. I admit Toronto is a good team and they won the championship, but second only to Detroit they are the dirtiest hockey players in the league.

Randy McKelvey

Chicago

Surf:

God bless you! Kenneth Rudeen showed real insight into the game of hockey as well as a great ability to write!

With all the banky-panky of refs quitting, players being fined and spectators acting unruly, Toronto comes through with the laurels.

DAVID H. LINDSTROM

Hamilton, N.Y.

GIANT OPINION

Supp.

I sincerely hope that this season there will be a good article on the Giants, the National League champions.

On June 4, 1962 (*The Giants: Boom and Bust*) you were certainly mean and dismal. Walter Bingham's whole article was about the way the Giants used to fall apart in June and that the Dodgers would win the pennant. The Giants don't need writers like Walter Bingham. If you write any more trash about the Giants you'll hear from me. I'm almost 12 and fully capable of realizing good articles from bad ones.

CYNTHIA TAYLOR

Menlo Park, Calif.

● For *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s 1963 view of the Giants, see page 54.—ED.

NO FIELDS

Sirs,

I was extremely interested in your article *Joyful School for City Kids* (March 25). Such programs of outdoor education have been used with great success in American schools for many years. Over 500 elementary schools in 30 states provide at least one full week of living and learning in the out-of-doors in all seasons of the year for all their sixth graders. This involves 37,000 children in California alone. Many other programs for junior and senior high school students, ranging from one to five days, are being provided as a regular part of training in science and social studies.

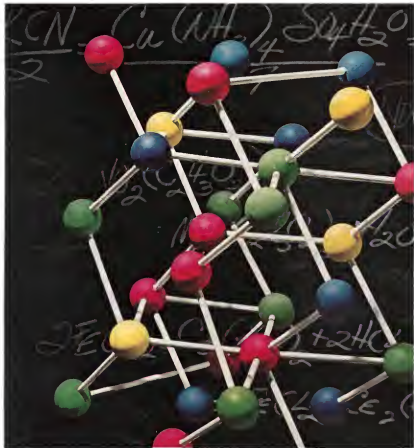
These programs have been severely criticized as "frills" by those who recommend to American educators that they copy the more basic system of European education. What will the critics say now that the Europeans are discovering the outdoor classroom?

MATTHEW J. BRENNAN

Chief, Conservation Education Branch

U.S. Forest Service

Washington



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